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No 354

## A TALE OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

BY MARCO G. ROLFE.

'Tis a song of the days that are gone—  
Of the deeds of a knight of old,  
With a sword as bright as the stars,  
And a burnished helmet of gold.  
He was known as the Knight of La Ronne,  
And he loved a fair maid of old,  
With blue eyes as bright as the stars,  
And hair as rich gleaming as gold.  
Who was known as the Lady De Nonne.  
But there was a bold Knight of the Plain,  
Who loved the fair Lady De Nonne,  
With a love not tender and true  
As that of the Knight of La Ronne;  
But he'd pledged him again and again,  
He'd wed the fair Lady De Nonne,  
Whose love was so tender and true  
For the valiant Knight of La Ronne,  
Though his hands in his gore he must stain!  
They chanced to meet one day in the wood  
When the heart of each knight was bold,  
And two swords as bright as the stars  
Rung flashing on helmets of gold!  
In the shade of a dark copse, there stood  
A maiden with heart growing cold,  
With blue eyes as bright as the stars,  
And hair as rich gleaming as gold,  
Who was watching the fight in the wood.  
The arm of the bold Knight of the Plain  
Was stouter than that of his foe,  
And he beat down his trusty sword,  
And, wounding him, quick laid him low.  
Then dismounted to wound him again!  
Then came the fair Lady De Nonne  
And threw herself under the blade,  
All red with the blood of La Ronne;  
It fell—and the true maiden was slain!

## SURE SHOT SETH, The Boy Rifleman:

OR,  
THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,  
AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-  
KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN BACKBACK," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE STRUGGLE IN THE HUT.

For fully a minute a speechless silence reigned in the Hermit Hut, the savages eying the boys, and the latter exchanging glances with one and another. Had the red-skins entered the door as had been their wont in days past, the boys would not have mistrusted them of murderous designs. But their war-paint, and every feature of the face, and the black fore-eyes, bespoke the evil, murderous purpose in their hearts.

Sure Shot Seth was the first to speak.  
"Why does our red friend not come in at the door as they used to?" he asked, calmly.  
"Why do the pale-face boys stand a guard near the door?" was the savage spokesman's reply; "they didn't use to do this."

Seth was puzzled for an answer to this savage retort. The fact of their having placed one of their number on guard outside was evidence of their fears of danger, for not once in the two years past had they ever been compelled to take this precaution.

"We placed a guard near the door," Seth finally answered, "because we have heard that the Indians and whites have dug up the hatchet and were going to war with each other."

"And are not the trapper-boys of the Hermit Hut the friends of the whites?" asked the savage, with a sardonic smile.

"We are the friends of all—both red and white. The red-skins have broken bread with us as often as the whites since we came to the Hermit Hut. If there is trouble between the Sioux and the whites, we can be neutral."

"The white boy's tongue is crooked. He knows he will fight the Sioux. When he came into the cabin, we were on the top of his wig-wam and heard him talk."

In an instant all flashed through the boy's mind. During their absence the Indians had climbed to the roof of the cabin, and were there concealed when they came in. They saw there was no compromising with them—that a conflict was inevitable.

The Brigade had deposited all their rifles in one corner, and edging around by degrees, the savages managed to get themselves between the boys and the guns, believing that they were in possession of no other weapons. But in this the red-skins were mistaken. Each of the boys was possessed of a small revolver, and which, at close quarters, would be the most desirable weapon. The youths felt no fears of the number that confronted them; but that others might be waiting outside to join them in case of a collision.

The savages were armed with the deadliest weapons—the tomahawk and scalping-knife. But none of them were drawn, and a movement of a hand to the belt would be a signal for the boys to precipitate the conflict.

Each boy was actuated as if by a single impulse. The threatened danger forced measures in common upon each mind; and having exchanged glances with their leader, all stood ready to fire the first shot ever fired in anger, or with deadly intent upon a human being.

It was a momentous hour in the lives of the young Brigade—started from the sweet, rapturous enjoyment of music into the presence of death. Yet they faced the savages—great, powerful, athletic fellows that they were—with a cool, calm determination that in a measure averted the sanguine audacity of the Sioux.

For half a minute a lull—such as precedes the violence of the storm—fell upon the two



"I'm in at roll-call, too. Sound the reveille, beat the drum, and rat-tat-too, for day has broke."

lines of enemies, though each form seemed to tremble with the emotions that were pent up within it.

Seth had, adroitly, yet without any apparent motion whatever, transferred his hands to his breeches pockets, in the right of which he always carried his revolvers, it being more convenient.

His friends saw this movement, and comprehended its meaning at once, though it never entered the Indians' brains that his movement was other than a manifestation of peace; and as the youth's companions assumed positions and attitudes that brought their right hands in juxtaposition with their revolvers, a savage spoke:

"We will not kill the boy trappers if they will go quietly as prisoners to the village of Little Crow."

"We haven't the least assurance of this," answered Seth, "for we have found the Sioux to be treacherous as the moccasin snake."

"For these words shall the pale-face boy die," replied the chief, unloosing his tomahawk. But, before he could release the weapon, the hand of the young trapper-boy was withdrawn from his pocket and extended toward the savage's face. There was a flash and report simultaneously, and the warrior, with a deep groan of horrible pain, started back; his face contorted with agony and his muscles quivering, he fell like an ox upon the floor. A round hole in his forehead bearing the black powder-marks around its edges told where the unerring bullet had struck.

This was a signal for a general attack and the clash of five other revolvers rung out sharp and stunning on the night. Every savage went down before the deadly weapons, and victory seemed but the labor of an instant for our

friends; but in the moment of their bloodless triumph, a fiendish yell outside the door burst from the lips of a score of red-skins; the door was flung open, and the yelling demons rushed into the cabin like a tornado.

Turning on his heel, as the door burst from its hinges, Sure Shot Seth fired at the candle, snuffing out the light as completely as though done by a gust of wind!

Then the revolvers of the boy-trappers were turned toward the door, and a constant stream of fire flashed in the faces of the savages. The groans of the dying wretches were mingled with the crack of the revolvers, the sudden fall of heavy bodies, and the tumbling of the excited savages over their fallen comrades as they rushed into the darkened room.

The boy-trappers gradually edged around toward the door leading into the opposite room; and as each one emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he passed out into the adjacent apartment. Not a word escaped the lips of our young friends, and one by one their revolvers became silenced; but whether it was by death or by being emptied, each could tell nothing regarding his comrade.

The danger was not all on the side of the savages, for the moment the light was put out, they began throwing their tomahawks, clubs and knives in every direction; and their clash and thud fell thick as hail against the walls. But the confusion was so great and deafening that the savages could tell nothing of the result of their attack.

Finally the tumult became hushed; a light was obtained by the savages; and then it was that they beheld the terrible loss they had already sustained. Maddened by the sight of their dead braves they sought the foe in the adjoining room, but the scene of battle had

been transferred to the open air. In front of the cabin the boy-trappers met a number of savages as they passed out, and here another conflict ensued.

"Boys," cried Sure Shot Seth, "make for the woods!—every fellow for himself!"

A moment later there seemed to be a perceptible pause in the struggle as the sound of the conflict spread out in all directions, and yells of savage vengeance rung through the forest. By these sounds, Sure Shot Seth knew that his men had obeyed orders, and that all the survivors were seeking safety by flight to the woods. But how many had fallen? This was the question that now rose in the young trapper's mind as he pursued his lonely way through the dark and gloomy wilderness. When assured that he had eluded his pursuers, Seth stopped and sat down upon a log.

All noise of the late conflict was left behind, and unbroken silence pervaded the night, and gradually animated nature began her myriad of sounds, and soon the great lungs of the sleeping world were sending forth their pulsing, throbbing respirations.

Sure Shot Seth grew easier now. He knew by the sounds that came to his ear that no danger was lurking near. The acute ear of the experienced woodsman can read the voices of nature as though spoken in an intelligible dialect. Through force of habit he becomes accustomed to his surroundings, and intuitively learns by instinct the language of both animate and inanimate nature, for inanimate nature has a language, and one that never deceives. The chirp of a cricket, the hum of insect wings, the piping of a tree-frog, and the patter of the velvet feet of night-prowling beasts, all mingle and produce a weird, monotonous drone that instinctively inspires one with a feeling of soli-

tude; and this feeling assures him that no enemies, or friends, for that matter, are moving about. On the contrary, if all is silent and drear, it is a warning that danger lurks near—that, conscious of the murderous intent of the skulker, nature hushes her song.

It was the assurance that no danger lurked near that gave Seth relief; and when satisfied that he could do so with impunity, he gave utterance to the sharp bark of the fox.

Instantly he was answered in a similar manner from among the hills.

"Reynard, the Fox, lives," the young leader said; then he uttered the cry of the beaver, and was answered.

Then changing his position, he gave utterance to the scream of a panther, the howl of a wolf, the hoot of an owl, and the cry of a whippoorwill. All answered but one.

"As I live!" soliloquized Seth, "the boys all answered but the Indian, Le Subtile Wolf. Can it be that he has been slain?"

Hooseah was a brave and fearless youth, with but little of the savage in his nature. He was a Chippewa by birth, and had spent all his days among the whites, coming from northern Michigan when quite a lad; so there was no danger to apprehend of his want of fidelity to the whites. Seth was satisfied that he had either been killed or else had not heard his call. He did not repeat it through fear of confusion, or of increasing their danger.

Moving further back into the woods, Seth finally sat down in a dense thicket of shrubbery, leaned against a tree and went to sleep. This was not a very commendable act for a borderman, but Seth knew that no danger could befall him there in such a lonely and desolate spot. Moreover, he was almost exhausted with his night's adventure, and nothing but sleep could restore the much-needed strength, and drive away the dizzy whirl of the brain.

It was just growing light when he awoke. He could see the dusky outline of the tree-trunks around him, and leaning against one of these, motionless as the tree itself, he saw the outlines of an Indian warrior!

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A QUEER OLD CUSTOMER.

Seth started to his feet, half bewildered and half terrified at sight of the savage standing over him.

To his surprise, however, he saw that the Indian did not move, and a second thought and second glance removed a terrible weight from the youth's mind; for he now recognized the red-skin as his friend, Hooseah, or Le Subtile Wolf. The Indian lad was standing there asleep. It was the way a Chippewa slept on the war-path.

Seth glanced around him, and on the opposite side of the same tree against which he had reclined he saw the form of Justin Gray, the Beaver, curled up in a sound slumber; and under another tree not far away he saw the form of Black Pan, the African, stretched at full length along the ground.

Seth gave utterance to the shrill cry of a bird, then in a clear voice called out:

"Le Subtile Wolf!"

"Ugh! me here," muttered the lad, starting from his slumber.

"Justin Gray?"

"Here."

"Tim Tricks?"

"Here I is, ole boss."

"Baldwin Judd?"

"Here," came from in the bushes.

"Teddy O'Roop?"

"Here, bedad."

"Mort Schultz?"

"I here ish."

And as each one answered to his name, he emerged from among the shadows and stood before his young leader, Sure Shot Seth.

"Thank God, we are all permitted to meet again," said Seth.

This was the point designated as a rendezvous before leaving the cabin when the savages were pouring in upon them; hence the remarkable manner under which they all met.

Two of the boys bore severe wounds, but these had been bandaged, and in the joy experienced over their escape they felt no pain.

The marks of a restless night, and of excitement, were upon each face; yet no look, word or movement betrayed the least sign of fear. Nobly had the youths fought their way through a terrible danger, and now as they stood congratulating each other on their miraculous escape—while the red dawn of the rosy morn was bursting into light around them, a shrill, sharp voice suddenly cried out:

"Here!"

The boys started as though a torpedo had exploded in their midst. They glanced around them, then at one another, a look of wild astonishment upon each face.

"Here!" again shouted the unknown voice, and the sound was followed by an outburst of rollicking laughter.

It came from overhead, and raising their eyes, the young bordermen saw that which forced an involuntary exclamation from their lips. Attached to a limb of the wide-spreading oak was a sort of a rude hammock made of a blanket, and over the end of this the quaint, comical face of an old man looked down upon them.

He was about twenty or thirty feet above them, and his hammock was attached to a







He kep' shovin' me on ontel I struck the right trail. I couldn't 'a' rested if I wanted to, fer his voice a-callin' fer vengeance. He showed me them fellers creepin' into town—them with Hammer Tom. That was all I axed. I folloed 'em like a bloodhound. I struck one on 'em that same night; a greaser. I sarved him as I mean to sarve all the rest, as I mean to sarve you; the way you treated my pard—finger, hand an' head; jest the same way."

A single long, piercing scream burst from the Spanish woman's lips. The crazed miner laughed shortly, as he divined her object. "That won't do you one mite o' good. They's no one in the house; they're all outside. An' even if they was to hear you, what better would you be? They couldn't bu'st open the door in time to save ye."

"They could avenge my death—"

"Like enough," was the quiet response. "I wouldn't much keer of they did, once I'd settled you. I'd only see my old pard the sooner. He's waitin' fer me. He said he wouldn't let you in never leted to me. They wasn't a whiter man in ten States then him. No man never hed a truer pard nor him. An' yit you murdered him, like a wolf! You never give him no show fer his pile. I know that, or he'd 'a' bu'sted the bank, brace game or no, Petey would. You tuck him when he'd bin fightin' the pizen, I reckon, or else double-banked 'im from ahind. An' he, harmless as a suckin' dove! It makes my head go 'round an' 'round when I think of it! Sometimes I reckon I'll go plum crazy with thinkin' so much. I kin see it all so plain. That he says, like he was sleepin'. That's what I thought when I fust see'd him. But then—I see his head a-lyin' on his breast; I tetched it. I felt the cold blood on my hand. I knowed that he was dead—murdered! 'Peared like somethin' bu'sted jest then, in my head, ye know. It felt so queer—like a chunk o' red-hot fire. It burned so bad, ontel he told me what'd cool it an' squinch the fire. That was blood—your blood an' that of the devils as helped you to murder him!"

With icy terror at her heart, Clarina listened to this rambling speech. She could see that the man was well nigh crazed, if not actually insane. There was no evidence that her cry for help had reached the friendly ears without. She could only escape by her own wits, if even they could save her.

"It was a cruel deed," she said, slowly. "You are right to swear revenge. But you are wrong in accusing me. I am only a poor, weak woman."

"I know you by ye," chuckled Woodpecker. "You was Joaquin Murietta's wife when he was alive. You killed my pard, an' now I'm goin' to kill you!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## BACK TO DIAMOND GULCH.

So faithfully had Florio, the Mexican, carried out the instructions of his mistress that Bart Noble never once dreamed of the truth—that he and his party of vigilantes were being sent upon a wild-goose chase. Few if any among their number had heard of the "sink" at the foot of Lone Tree Butte, connected with which was a wild, thrilling legend of the early days of gold, and nearly one half of the party were personally acquainted with the spot. Thus the vigilante captain did not suffer for want of a guide.

The trail was a long and difficult one for horsemen, now plunging deep into some gloomy canon, now winding upward along the face of a precipice where one false step would dash the unfortunate to the rocks hundreds of feet below, now over high ridges, through grand forests of towering pinnacles, spires and minarets of fantastically carved stone. But the riders had no eyes for the weirdly beautiful vagaries of nature just then. A long, level stretch of barren sand would have pleased them much better. The anticipation of a speedy "circus" with the Pepper brothers had caused them to forget their fatigue and loss of sleep, but now that the "skrimmage" seemed further off than ever, nature re-asserted itself, and more than one minor dozed and nodded in the saddle as they followed at the heels of Bart Noble and his chosen guide, Gopher.

But every trail has two ends, and near the middle of the afternoon, Noble called a halt. His plans were simple, yet such as promised success. The horses were to be securely tethered. The men were to steal forward through the undergrowth and surround the "sink," as nearly as the lay of the ground would permit. Bart Noble was to give the signal. Each man was to rush forward and effect his purpose by the one resolute charge. Dead or alive their game must be bagged.

The plan was perfect, save in one respect, and would doubtless have succeeded to a charm, had the enemy been where expected. The signal was given, the charge made, the eager diggers plunging down the steep sides of the sink with more valor than prudence, but the anticipated "circus" was not to be then.

To say that Bart Noble and his followers cursed long and loudly as the truth flashed upon them, is stating the case very mildly. The recording angel must have used an elastic pen, or else some of the boys in flannel could not have received full credit for their half-hour of tongue exercise.

"Somebody set on me—do!" growled Bart Noble, flinging his hat to the ground and stamping on it with a big, durned fool to live—jest fit to w'ar long o'lo's an' diapers an' suck a bottle! Fooled by a woman an' a corn-twisted greaser! I'll shave my h'ard off an' hire out fer a Chinese wash-woman!"

"It's lucky we're all in the same box," cried Dandy Dave, brightening up. "Thar hain't nobody to tell on us, an' I don't reckon thar's much danger o' this outfit lettin' it leak out."

"I'll lick the galoot as even dreams o' sech a thing," soberly added Noble.

There were many remarks and suggestions made, but only one that calls for especial mention. Long-legged Cornercracker was the speaker. "I move we lay by an' recruit. I, fer one, am mighty hunk tuckered out. Thar's a holler in me bigger'n a bull buffer's hump, an' I hev to prop my eyes open to boot! I move we grub an' snooze a bit."

His motion was promptly seconded, though a minority opposed it. It was held that all the harm had been done already. Beyond a doubt the gulch was now put in order to resist an assault, and a few hours one way or the other could do no especial harm. And reasoning thus, the company went into camp near the spot where they had tethered their animals, where a spring furnished them with an abundance of water. Food was scarcer, until a proposition was made which met with universal favor. Lots were drawn to see which man should sacrifice his horse for the benefit of all. The animal was butchered, several fires were kindled and the air was full of the odor of roasting "horse-beef."

After a hearty meal the vigilantes stretched themselves out upon the ground and speedily forgot their bitter disappointment in slumber. Not so Bart Noble. As leader of the party he

felt the sell too acutely for sleeping. So, loading his pipe, he stood on guard. His reflections would not look well on paper. For an hour or more he leaned against the boulder without motion. The fires gradually died out. The moon shone brightly, though at times obscured by light, fleecy clouds. It was during one of these intervals of moonlight that the watcher became fully aware that all was not right.

For several moments his gaze had been fixed upon what appeared to be a curiously-shaped boulder, lying near the center of a grassy plot. It more nearly resembled the moss-grown out of a log, but that he knew it could not be, since the ground had been well-quartered in search of fuel, and such a stick would have been greedily snupped up. Then, while his eyes were vacantly fixed upon it, the seeming boulder swiftly changed its position, disappearing behind a rock several yards nearer the fires.

Instantly Bart Noble was wide awake. He knew now that the boulder was a man, and armed, since he had caught a glimmer of steel in the moonlight. Crouching low down he cocked his revolver, its triple click sounding clear and distinct in the night-air. That the skulker heard it, was evident from his calling out, quickly, though in a guarded tone of voice:

"Don't shoot—I am a friend!"

"You act lots like a frind! I reckon the woods is full o' sech frinds as you be!" retorted Bart, eagerly watching for a chance to send a bullet through the night-walker.

"No, I am alone," replied the man, evidently interpreting the phrase literally. "Promise that you will not shoot, and I'll come out. I am only one; you are forty."

"All right; long as you act straight you shain't be hurt. Show your mug, stranger."

The man promptly arose from his covert and approached. As the moonlight fell fairly upon his face Bart Noble recognized him. It was Jose Sylva.

"You come mighty nigh passin' in your checks that time, old man," grimly observed Noble, returning his revolver to its scabbard. "I wouldn't advise ye to run the same risk over ag'in."

"I've been watching your fires for over an hour, but I wouldn't speak out until I was sure. I know what you are after, and I can give you news that will please you. Chile Colorado is taken—"

"An' the gal?" eagerly cried the digger. "She, too," and then the Mexican briefly detailed the capture of Red Pepper. "More than that," he added; "you will find another of the accursed demons lying badly wounded in the house of Diego el Cojo, at the Spanish Quarter. The others you will probably find at Diamond Gulch."

"We tried that; s'arched through the hull place—"

"Did you look in the tunnel; about half-way between the houses and the mine, on the east side?"

"I never saw no tunnel—"

"They must have been hidden there—right under your hand and you let them escape!"

"We did the best we knowed how. A feller can't hit bull's-eye every time, but we'll rake 'em in yit. I'll call the boys an' we'll take saddle right away!"

Ten seconds later the entire camp was on the alert, and wild cheers broke the air as Bart retailed the news brought by Jose Sylva.

"S'posin' he's lyin'," suddenly cried Gopher. "Mebbe it's another trick. Ef they was a hole thar, big enough to hide three men, wouldn't we 'a' found it with all our huntin'?"

"The tunnel is there," quietly uttered Sylva. "It runs clear through the eastern ridge. I will show you the way if you wish. You can pass through it, and take them by surprise, while your main force keeps them busy in front."

"You do that, old man, an' it'll be the best day's work you ever put in!" cried Bart Noble. "But ef you air playin' it on us, the minnit we find it out, they won't be enough o' you left together to make a decent-sized fish-bait!"

"I will show you the secret passage. That should satisfy you that I am telling you the truth and dealing honestly with you. I believe you will find them at the gulch, though I could not swear to it."

"We don't ax impossibilities, pard. You do the best you kin an' we'll see to the rest. Now, boys, thar's that cuss at Greasers' Flat. It'll be a nasty place to git him out of, ef he's got frinds thar. They may be a tough fight, an' somebody might git hurt besides greasers. Who'll offer fer to go?"

"You kin take your pick, boss," put in Dandy Dave; "beginnin' at me. Any o' the boys'll go, I reckon."

"You pick 'em, Dandy. You'll boss the job, an' it's ondy right you should hev your choice o' men to back ye. But mind. Take the cuss alive ef you kin, an' kerry him safe to town. The boys hain't hed a hangin' match fer a coon's age."

"Six boys'll be more'n plenty," replied Dandy Dave, pronouncing the names of those whom he wished to bear him company.

Then the two parties separated, mounting their horses and riding briskly away upon their respective missions. Jose Sylva acted as guide to the main force, and by his more intimate knowledge of the country, succeeded in leading them to Diamond Gulch by a far easier and shorter trail than the one which they had previously used. So expeditions were they that day had not yet dawned when the party drew rein just behind the point of rocks which concealed any one in the valley from view of such as might be keeping guard over the entrance to the gulch.

Bart Noble briefly repeated his instructions. In just two hours—Jose assured him that in that time he could lead them through the secret passage—the miners were to make a mook attack upon the entrance, though taking care not to expose themselves unnecessarily. That would be the signal for him to advance. At the first yell—in Bart's voice—from within, they were to close in on once.

The preliminaries arranged, ten men under Noble set off on foot, crossing the eastern ridge and striking into the same trail which he saw used by Big George and his brothers. The same difficulties had to be surmounted, but everything had been provided for, and considerably within the two hours which Sylva had specified the little band were at the opening of the tunnel. Through this the Mexican led the way, knife in hand. But the weapon was not needed. The tunnel was unoccupied by other than themselves.

Crouching just within the edge of bushes, they carefully inspected their weapons, making sure that each cap was perfect and well fitted on the nipples. All was still within the Gulch; so still that it seemed utterly deserted.

Then came the signal from the valley beyond, and, breaking forth, the miners rushed to the attack.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

To bear is to conquer our fate.

## WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom, In the orchard path he met me— In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume— And I tried to pass, but he made no room; Oh, I tried, but he would not let me! So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red, With my face bent down above it, While he took my hand, as he whispering said— (How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head, To listen to all that my lover said: Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide, And the low, wet leaves hung over; But I could not pass upon either side, For I found myself, when I vainly tried, In the arms of my steadfast lover. And he held me nearer and softer said— While he closed the path before me, And he looked down into my eyes and said— (How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er head, To listen to all that my lover said: Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside a little way, I could surely then have passed him; And would not have heard what he had to say, Could I only aside have cast him. It was almost dark, and the moments sped, And the searching night-wind found us; But he drew me nearer and softer said— (How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead, To listen to all that my lover said: Oh! the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast, That I must be half-unwilling; For I tried to go, and I would have passed, As the night was coming with its dew at last, And the sky with stars was filling; But he clasped me close when I would have fled, And he made me hear his story.

And his soul came out from his lips and said— (How the stars crept out where the white moon led, To listen to all that my lover said: Oh! the moon and stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell, And I'm sure that the wind—precious rover— Will carry his secret so safely and well

One word of the many that rapidly tell From the eager lips of my lover, Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell They wove 'round about us that night in the dell.

In the path through the dew-laden clover; Nor e'er the whispers that made my heart swell As they fell from the lips of my lover.

As they fell from the lips of my lover.

As they fell from the lips of my lover.

As they fell from the lips of my lover.

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R—, under the care of the commandant and his wife, and started for New York.

"There I found that the property was in the hands of a lawyer, who was as corrupt as myself, for he told me that if my wife were dead he would turn her share over to me—for a consideration."

"I at once returned West, sought the fort, and was as good as man could be to his wife, and she seemed almost happy; but what is the matter, Frank?"

"Nothing! go on; I hear every word." "The Rose of the Rosebud also has ears. The pale-face is a bad man; he has a black heart," said the maiden, firmly.

"There was one in the fort, a woman, for whom I held a guilty love, and to her I told my plan. It was to ride out on horseback with Marian, and return in several days, saying that Indians had captured us, and that I had escaped."

"At a convenient distance I had two companions awaiting me—desperate characters, both of them."

"One of them I knew; the other I had never seen; he was engaged by the tool I hired."

"Not to be recognized by him, I wore a heavy false beard, and when I put it on the act greatly frightened Marian, and she wished to go back to the fort."

"Soon after we met the two men at the appointed place, and we started for the Sioux country, it being my intention to bring Marian hither, and give her to the Sioux."

"Great God!" "Well you may exclaim at my wickedness, Singletou."

"In spite of her entreaties and tears, I came on with her until several nights ago, when, near the camps of the Sioux, we espied a scouting party of cavalry, and with a wild shriek Marian called to them."

"They heard and came toward us—discovery would bring death to us, and I reluctantly gave the order to my men to stop her mouth."

"They took me at my word—one of them dealing her a severe blow on the head, the other drawing his knife across her throat—oh, God! shut out the memory of that moment from me, and the miserable wretch hid his face in his hands."

But the scout stood cold, stern





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### Grace Mortimer's Great Love Story!

TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK!

Readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will see by announcements herewith made what is the "novelty" we have prepared for them in connection with the splendid story.

## THE RED CROSS:

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guiderland.

A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

Two such treats—an excellent Oleograph Chromo of twelve colors and a serial of unrivaled brilliancy, power and story-interest—are indeed a novelty in popular journalism. Of course this combination of attractions will secure for the coming number an immense demand, and we may well promise that all who see the charming chromo, and read the opening chapters of this superb

### ROMANCE OF THREE CONTINENTS,

will pronounce a flattering verdict on the SATURDAY JOURNAL'S Holiday Offering to Old Readers and New.

### AN ATTRACTIVE VAGABOND!

Is introduced next week to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL:

ODD, KEEN, BRAVE, INIMITABLE

Picayune Pete, the Street Gamin!

Whose adventures and achievements make him a hero in rags and an actor in a very strange story, viz:

## NOBODY'S BOY:

OR,

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Low-life character, but not of a "low" type—the picture of a bright boy, rough and untutored, yet, even in his unrestrained, a lovable vagabond.

Who stole sweet Minnie Ellis? That is what the story reveals—a tale of thrilling interest, exquisite feeling and intense excitement throughout, in which Pete and his dog Noodum play a part that they just seem to have been created to fill. It is, all in all, so

### CAPTIVATING, DELIGHTFUL AND UNIQUE!

that readers will give us a vote of thanks for an introduction to the Street Knight-errant.

**First Come First Served!** Every purchaser of No. 355 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be GIVEN the beautiful Chromo,



One of the most charming and desirable pictures that ever was offered for the walls of Home, Library, Chamber or Shop.

### AN EXQUISITE GIFT,

It is bestowed upon the purchasers of the First Edition only; so be on the look-out for it, next week, and try not to be among those who come just a day too late! If you happen to be among those who fall to be served, read the notice "Bear in Mind."

**Special Notice to our Regular Readers!**—Our regular readers are requested to leave their names with our newsdealer, at once, that they may be served with No. 355 and the accompanying Chromo, to which each purchaser of that number will be entitled. As the demand for it will be immense, and the newsdealer will be compelled to serve all who apply, it is quite possible that, in many cases, his supply will become exhausted, and thus some regular patrons of the paper may fail to obtain the beautiful gift which we especially wish him or her to have. So, to avoid the possibility of a disappointment, leave your name and order, at once, with the newsdealer for the next issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—the great Holiday Number!

### Sunshine Papers.

#### Does it Pay?

EVERYTHING had gone wrong that morning, and it was with a real sigh of relief that I stepped up my friend's brown stone stoop and impatiently pulled at her door-bell. Here, at least, I should forget the little vexations that were fretting me; and my soul would be raised to a higher plane of thought than the lovely, new reception-dress that I wanted to possess, and that haunted me impudently with visions alike of its beauty and its monetary value, and kept me in a harassing state of mental conflict between extravagant desires and conscientious scruples.

Gail, herself, came to the door, all hatted and cloved and cloaked.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said. And that made me happy, for Gail only says such things when she means them. Gail is a remarkable woman, you will perceive.

Mother Eve suggested my answering remark.

"Where have you been?"

"I haven't been yet; I'm just going—down town to buy a lounge—one of those broad, delicious, Turkish lounges—and you must go and help me pick it out."

We went, regaling our souls on the way with such high and lofty themes as Baroness Harphouse' novels, Marianne Harland's Cook-Book, democratic professions, who was president elect, and Helen's babies. As we passed a well-known furniture warehouse I interrupted Gail, in the midst of a fine peroration on politics, to ask:

"Aren't you going to stop at Holland's?"

"No!" said that little woman, exhibiting more viciousness than even the discussion of politics had caused her to display. "They're a very disagreeable, dissembling firm. We have bought several hundred dollars' worth of furniture from them, within a few months, and, though we are very well pleased with our purchases, they have shown themselves so excessively churlish, that I have fully made up my mind not to deal with them again, as long as I can find just as good articles elsewhere."

We went to an art-gallery, where we spent a delightful half hour examining pictures. Then we walked on in search of a furniture dealer's.

"I think I'll go in here," said Gail.

I looked up at the name.

"It is an exceedingly high-priced place," remarked I, suggestively, not knowing the relative condition between the state of Gail's finances and the "hard times." "Why don't you go into Bally's? It is only a couple of doors below."

"I know," said Gail, looking rather meditative; "but I'll just look here; though if the prices are very high, I won't do anything out of spite; for, to tell the truth, my objection to going to Bally's is, perhaps, a silly one. I stopped there a day or two since to look at and price their lounges, and, when they found that I wasn't going to buy that day, they were so surly they would scarcely show me anything, or answer a question. I must acknowledge I have a penchant for dealing with people who have pleasant faces and agreeable manners."

A similar weakness in my own constitution caused me to smile indulgently, and we entered the store.

Gail selected the most tempting of Turkish lounges, at eighty-five dollars; then she thought of a handsome chair at home, that needed re-covering. The crimson goods for that, the dainty satin stripe, gimp and fringe, caused the withdrawal of six more dollar green-backs from Gail's pocket-book.

"You see it will make a handsome Christmas gift to brother Rob, after I recover it so handsomely," she explained to me; then stopped with a prolonged exclamation. "Such a lovely secretaire! just what I had decided to give husband for his Christmas." And after the universal dealer had expatiated to us upon the several merits of some twenty of that particular article of furniture, Gail had her card fastened upon a forty-dollar one.

"And now," said Gail, "since I have gone into the furnishing line, I may as well order a new library table; and I'll go without my camel's hair suit two or three weeks longer, though I intended doing vice versa."

And, after another thirty dollars passed into the furniture man's hand, Gail and I started homeward, she remarking, with a great deal of satisfaction, as she deposited herself on the car seat:

"I'm so glad that I got every one of those articles as nice and as cheap as I could have done at Holland's or Bally's, without having to go to either of those old places!"—the last clause given in a rather venomous and spiteful manner, considering that Gail is reputed an uncommonly sweet-tempered little woman.

"Eighty-five and six are ninety-one, and forty is a hundred and thirty-one," said I, doing a mental sum in addition. "A hundred-and-sixty-one-dollar-sale lost to one firm, for the lack of trifling courtesy. Does it pay?"

"Does what pay?" asked Gail, in surprise, for my mental philosophizing had, quite unconsciously to myself, terminated in vocal expression.

"I was wondering if it ever paid to neglect an opportunity of doing or saying something polite."

"I don't believe it does," said Gail, quite innocently. "Only yesterday morning I got in a car, to ride down-town, and found I had left my pocket-book home; and when I asked the conductor to stop, he said, 'Oh! never mind, ma'am; you can pay me the next time you ride on my car'; and, as he returned to the platform, I heard him tell a man, 'I wouldn't put her to trouble, now, for she's a real lady, —one of the kind that always says, 'Will you please,' and 'Thank you.''"

But perhaps Gail and I are prejudiced. I leave it to you. Does uniform courtesy and politeness pay? A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### IMPORTANT PEOPLE.

THERE are some individuals traveling over this globe who appear to have an idea that the world was created for their special benefit, and that all other folks by whom they are surrounded, are only tolerated because they—the tolerated ones—were merely created to minister to their—the important personages'—comforts and conveniences.

These important personages will enter upon a new trade, or profession, and will earnestly strive to make you believe that they know more concerning said trade or profession than those who have had a life-long experience at them. Their egotism, in such cases, is often-times disgusting, and you can not help setting them down as bores of the first degree. They give uncalculated advice; they will tell a gifted artist how he should paint—a star actor how he should perform—a writer how his romances should be penned, and an editor how his periodical should be conducted; and

yet they couldn't do one of these things themselves. If they endeavor to do so, what is the result but dire and discreditable failure?

These important personages are always positive that they are in the right, and, because they consider themselves so to be, of course, every one else must be in error, and they often have the impudence, impertinence and bad manners to flatly contradict you on matters which others than yourself know to be right. When convinced of their error—if you can convince such disagreeable people—they consider themselves of too much consequence to apologize, conceiving it to be "beneath their dignity" to do so. I have always thought it a good trait in a person's character to be willing to ask forgiveness for being in the wrong; it seems to me people are more gentlemanly, more lady-like and truer Christians for doing so; but you know I have some Lawless and peculiar views concerning life and its duties!

These self-important beings push their way through the world, crowding every one out of their place; perhaps, in their course, they will run "full tilt" against another and almost put his eye out by the brims of their hats. Will they say "Excuse me," or "I beg your pardon?" Not they! It would be "beneath their dignity." I suppose if they saw a man drowning, or a woman starving, it would be "beneath their dignity" to save their lives. Believing themselves to be somebody "of consequence," they hope to force others to believe them so, and at their beck and call hundreds will come—so weak is human nature!

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are feted, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to retire into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the real deserving ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging hand.

I never notice one of these self-important creatures but I want to poke his eyes out with my parol. I don't do it, because it wouldn't be polite! I refrain, because it would be "beneath the dignity" of

**Bear in Mind!**—The Chromo, "Look at me, Mamma," will only be bestowed as a FREE GIFT upon purchasers of the regular or first edition of the JOURNAL, (which, for the occasion, will be just double its usual quantity); but, after that edition is exhausted, and the newsdealer has sold his supply, it can only be had by a FOUR MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION to the JOURNAL. All such subscribers (terms one dollar) will be served in the actual order of subscription. Subscribe through the news-agent; or, if no news-agent is accessible, send subscription (one dollar) direct to the publishers, and be served with the SATURDAY JOURNAL for FOUR MONTHS, and the exquisite Chromo, "LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!"

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Concerning the Shoemaker.

ON behalf of long-suffering humanity, and especially mankind, I proceed to put a heaviest number twelve stoga boot down upon the shoemaker, and if I can crush him I shall be ready to receive the thanks of the world, postage prepaid.

He always makes your boots exactly the way you don't want them, and then proceeds by his powers of eminent persuasion to make you believe against your own will that those are just the boots you require.

The difference between his cheek and a side of sole-leather could never be distinctly illustrated.

If one foot is a little larger than the other foot which is smaller, or, in other words, if one foot happens to be a little smaller than the other foot which is larger, he is punctually sure to get them reversed.

He never gets tired to have you come up and ask when you shall come again after those boots, and is jovially patient, never losing his good humor. It don't seem to trouble him in the least—no matter whether it does you or not.

He makes more tight boots than loose ones, and one pair of loose boots are worth more than two pairs of tight ones.

A pair of condensed boots he will coolly inform you will stretch after the first wearing, and if you take his word and the boots you will find they get tighter all the time, until you are liable to get tight yourself, and if you have kindly taken to corns at every step you take an earnest desire arises inside of those boots to have an opportunity to wear them out on him in the least possible time.

If you complain to him for being so penurious with his leather he will tell you the boots are big enough for anybody, and that your feet ought to be smaller, a fact with which you will readily agree; and when he puts them back on the boot-tree to let them grow a little more and ripen, and you put them on again, you walk away feeling easier, but the boots go back on you, and if your religion doesn't suffer along with your feet you will nevertheless earnestly desire to stretch those boots over that shoemaker's head until he gets corns on his nose and bunions on his cheeks.

The shoemaker sets more misery on foot than any other calamity; it would fill volumes, and his biography should be bound in calf.

He works at the foundations of society, and with his high and little heels he will eventually overthrow it.

Though always at the feet of man he is far from being the humble personage you would think.

Peg by peg he rises up in the scale of torture, and he would make a splendid superintendent of the Spanish Inquisition.

He invariably makes your boots with a six-octave squeak in them—for you know he advertises that his work always speaks for itself, and you are not inclined to doubt it.

If the leather gives way he will convince you with the most reasonable logic that you burned them, even when you know you haven't been near a stove all summer.

He will make a boot in the most outrageous shape so that it looks like anything else and then coolly proceed to call it fashionable.

He never allows anybody to run down his

boots, and yet they run down themselves in a terrible manner.

If you should tell him that he didn't put calf in those boots he will smile and tell you that you are in them.

You have to put on his boots with a jack-screw and take them off with a corkscrew, and either way it is the tug of war.

He can cut the upper neatly in trimming the sole and black it over so nicely that you will never know it until you see it.

He wouldn't be happy if he didn't leave half the pegs in the boot, and if he should accidentally happen to get them all out he will proceed to put some more in.

He always sews the straps on so they will let go on a tight pull, and you go over backward and try to poke your head through the wall.

He tells you that leather is from France (some 3,000 miles) when it never was any nearer France than that tannery down on the corner.

It is no use to try to get him to wait as long for the money as you do for the boots. That would be bootless.

You can't get your boots footed without footing the bill. That's the shoemaker's footing, shoe-

When the shoemaker approaches his last, pegs out, comes to a waxed end, a lap-stone will be placed at his head, inscribed: "His sole has gone to the solar system, and this is awl of him."

Yours, solely,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORSE.

**The Difference.**—The *Christian Union* gave "Fast Asleep" or "Wide Awake" to each of its subscribers who paid for one whole year's subscription to the paper—three dollars.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL presents the more valuable and expensive companion-piece to "Fast Asleep" and "Wide Awake" (by the same artist and engraver), to every purchaser of the first edition of the next week's number!

And, to all who fail to thus secure a copy, we will thereafter supply the oleograph, "Look at me, Mamma," as already stated, simply for a four months' subscription to the JOURNAL—one dollar!

### Topics of the Time.

—How like romance Dr. Legrand's story—elsewhere given—reads, of the lost land of Frisland! And yet, why should it excite surprise and wonder? Nature's changes are in incessant operation. The coast is sinking very perceptibly in Italy; it is sinking in Norway. It is rising, indeed, along our own Atlantic sea-board, and geologists tell us that New York city will, in a thousand years, be inland so far as to be compelled to do all its commerce through the Lower Bay. Tradition speaks of the lost continent of Atlantis, lying out in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean. Deep sea soundings have established the fact that a continent between North America and Asia lies not far beneath the surface of the Pacific. It is supposed to have gone down beneath the sea within a period not so distant as the origin of the Chinese race.

—The roads in some parts of Germany are lined along the entire distance with rows of poplars, or of apple-trees, the branches of which latter bend beneath the weight of the fruit. A fine of three shillings is the penalty for plucking the fruit; consequently it is permitted to ripen, and the owners of the community reap the benefit of their foresight in planting shade trees at once beautiful and profitable. In this country we cut down all trees along the roadside, for the fools who call themselves "road-masters" say the trees keep the roads damp! Mile after mile of roads everywhere wholly destitute of shade! What a comment on American sense!

—Steamboat captains in Florida say that the alligators are apparently as numerous as ever, especially in the marshes and lakes of the upper St. John's. A few years ago the skins were in demand at from 50 cents to \$1 each, and thousands were slaughtered. In one instance a man killed within five months over 1,000 to fill a container, but at the same time a large number of fashion the business declined. The teeth frequently command high prices, and are a standard article of commerce in the Southern market, mainly for ornamental purposes.

—The London *Veterinary Journal* advocates a simple and inexpensive appliance to prevent horses from falling in winter. It consists simply of one or more steel studs, set into the horse's hoofs, and is sufficient to keep them from work two more at the sides are recommended. The stud is a square bit of steel nearly an inch long, pointed at one end and tapering slightly from about the middle of the other that enters the hoof. No filing or finishing is necessary, and any blacksmith can make a large number in a very short time out of an old rasp or file. The stud must fit tightly, care being taken that it does not "wobble," and that it does not pass quite through the hoof. The hole is made with an ordinary square punch. This simple system has proved very efficient after an extensive trial, and saves horses great pain, suffering, and often fatal injury.

—The Colorado beetle or potato bug has not wholly "played out" by dropping into the Atlantic. He swarmed all along the sea shore, all last summer, evidently to hear what the wild waves were saying, but there are plenty left yet to annoy us next season. We dug up on the beach, the other day, ground that was literally alive with the pest. We are happy to have Prof. Riley tell us that this beetle has at last found its match in the shape of a mite parasite. Professor Riley, at a meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Science, exhibited a potato bug which was so completely covered with a mite parasite that the point of a needle could not be placed on any part of the beetle's body without touching one of the parasites. He estimated the number of mites at 800. The bug had been attacked by these enemies and killed. The potato bug seems to have a number of natural enemies, such as the toad, the crow, the rose-breasted gross-beak, and domestic fowls. There are no less than twenty-three insect enemies that attack to kill it, but notwithstanding all this it seems to be able to hold his own wonderfully well. We estimate that we killed ten trillions last year, and for the coming year shall try to do better! Who can go us one better?

—The Oregon papers describe some boiling springs in Wasco County whence flow streams of chloride of silver. The waters are so surcharged with soapy gray silver that a stone will sink in them, and when a crowbar is forced down into a pool the specific gravity of the mass will throw it back into the air like an arrow shot from an Indian's bow. The amalgam is worth \$90,000 a ton, and there are 160 acres of these springs. As a matter of course, the Comstock lode will be abandoned, and all Nevada will move to Oregon! A Gold Hill reporter springs to the rescue of Nevada. The streets in the town were macadamized with silver ore of low grade from the waste of the mines and are literally paved with silver. A handful of gravel which the reporter picked up in a trench on Main St. yielded \$25 gold and \$375 silver, the average being \$6 to the ton. The rarity of the atmosphere in these Western towns seems to favor elasticity of imagination.

—The Black Hills *Pioneer* says: "Judge Ford, of this city, formerly of Bismarck, loaned General Custer a famous dog. The dog accompanied the General during the engagement against Sitting Bull. Ten days after the battle the dog returned to Fort Lincoln, a distance of 500 miles, in search of his master."

### Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "My Native Land;" "Minnie;" "Verses;" "The Bachelor;" "A Speck of War;" "The Deceitful Bride;" "Shamokin George;" "The Holly's Story."

Accepted: "The Answer;" "The Rascally Ruse;" "An Expensive Lesson;" "Miss Morris' First Proposal;" "The Mink Muff;" "May I Come?" "Old Eyes and Young Cheeks;" "The Tumble Harp."

L. E. W. See our terms at head of fourth page. We have no other "club rates." Will answer other query in a later number.

L. La R. The case often occurs. The child is both second uncle by consanguinity and second cousin by marriage.

PERICLES. Ms. is somewhat crude, or, rather, immature. Young persons have got to grow up to literary work.

H. J. W. There is no cure if the affection is not due to disease. Wash nightly; put a little borax in the water; then rub dry, and with the hand rub in a weak solution of carbolio acid.

GERMANTOWN. Our readers, we think, would hardly care for a sequel to the story. Such of the metropolitan weeklies as make a specialty of "blood" will be its proper repository.

S. McE. Boston. As each trainer has his own peculiar views on training and diet, for boating races, you will have to consult some "professional." Training is only practiced under system and a good regimen.

HARRY E. Your sister is right. Never eat with your knife. Out with the knife and eat with the fork—that is what each is for. No person can thrust a knife-blade in the mouth without looking vulgar.

ISAAC MC. The coins of Austria are: Gold ducat, 288 sovereigns; 675 crown, 664. Silver, old dollar, 102, old scudo, 675. Forty-one, new dollar, forty-eight; new dollar, seventy-two, Maria Theresa dollar, 102.

WINDY NEAL. Don't know much about the new sewing-machine. If it is an improvement on the old it must be very good.—We use the Coats thread as the best for hand and machine work. It certainly will deserve the Centennial Exposition commendation it won.

"COUNTRY COUSINS" ask: "What is the newest evening shade in kid gloves? How do young girls wear their hair?"—The newest evening shade is a very pale buff or lemon bordering on the green.—The latest novelty in hair-dressing is to wear the tresses low in the neck, confined in a silk net of some brilliant color—navy blue, cardinal and red do not do. The hair is worn in a French twist, or in one braid caught high on the head, or looped low on the neck.

BEN R. O. asks: "Can you tell a country boy of a pretty present that he can make, all by himself, for his mother, for Christmas?"—If there is any nice spruce wood about where you live, suppose you gather some of the twigs and small branches, lay each twig upon a flat board and scrape it lengthwise, in the direction of its leaves, until they are removed, leaving only the bare, dry wood. Then procure two goblets, and cover them as smoothly as possible with brown paper muslin, glue your own Split your wood, and use very small twigs, and cover the goblet, gluing the pieces lengthwise. Ornament the top with the buds, or with bits of grass moss or lichen, and if done neatly you will have a very handsome pair of vases.

LEWEL KLINE writes: "For some time I have loved a very nice young lady; but when I asked her to marry me she refused, though she said we might be friends, and she had no objection to my calling in a friendly way, and she would not see me for her refusal, but I know she considers herself rather above me in station and education. Still, I think she likes me, and she has been very kind to me. I have been thinking of writing her, but she would have overlooked other matters. Sometimes when I call on her there is a gentleman there, who, I think, is her style, exactly; but I do not like him. But when I say anything about my love, she is very much displeased. I suppose I have no right to be offended that she receives other gentlemen calls, yet I can not help making such friends of other gentlemen. What ought I to do about it?"—Either make up your mind to try and win the lady, or else cease visiting her. If you are persevering, and thoroughly love her, you will see why you should not attempt to make yourself her equal in point of education, and then, if you are honest, intelligent, and capable of doing good, you have a chance of acquiring a competency, you may yet succeed in winning the prize you covet.

ADDIE N. writes: "Not long since I called upon a lady friend, and while waiting for her appearance another caller came—a gentleman, and a very nice one. We were in the room together about ten minutes before our hostess appeared. Would it have been a breach of etiquette had we entered into conversation? At a promenade concert, or any place where a person meeting an acquaintance once is apt to meet them again a number of times, it is necessary to bow every time you meet a friend?"—It would not have been amiss, under the circumstances you mention, for you and the gentleman to have spoken to each other. But, as you say, conversation, followed by no formal introduction, would not have constituted you acquaintances at any other time that you might happen to meet. At a public place where you are likely to meet acquaintances several times in succession, but one recognition is necessary.

ROBERTA G. asks: "May a young lady give a Christmas present to a young gentleman with whom she is merely acquainted, but who is an intimate friend? The circumstances are these: The gentleman at one time had it in his power to show me a great many little politenesses and make me a present, for some time, very pleasant; and he was so unforgivingly kind that I would like to make him some handsome token of my appreciation of his gentlemanliness. If you approve of my writing, would you kindly advise something handsome, which I can make myself?"—It would be quite proper for you to make a gift of your writing. Suppose you purchase a half yard of white Panama canvas; a half yard of rose-pink silk (not too heavy quality); two yards of floss-pink, rose-pink, and satin ribbon; half an ounce of sachet powder, and two skeins of rose-pink filling silk. Embroider the corners of the canvas and an initial in its center; put the powder between two thin sheets of cotton wadding, and laying the silk thereon, quilt in fine diamonds with white or pink machine twist. Bind the canvas and the quilted silk neatly together, and trim the edge all around, inside and out, with the plaited ribbon. Bend the four corners until they meet in the middle, where they are tied with a handsome bow, and you will have a very handsome memento.

CARRIE AND JOSIE ask: "Do you think it is wrong for two girls of sixteen and seventeen years to have particular young gentlemen to call on them twice a week, and also, do you think it wrong for them to put their arms around them and kiss them, provided they are good young men, and older than themselves. What do you think of my writing?"—Young girls of the age you mention should have no gentlemen callers, as regularly as twice a week, unless with the consent of their parents or guardians, who are well acquainted with the gentlemen, as they will be supposed to be engaged to the parties whose visits are so frequent. Such familiarities of embracing are wrong, except where the gentlemen are engaged to the ladies, and you may be very sure, however well they may disguise the fact, the gentlemen themselves have a hearty contempt for ladies who so far forget their own self-respect as to allow such liberties. If they are good young men, and older than yourselves, they will not offer such familiarity, unless you are under an engagement of marriage. A young girl loses nothing, but certainly gains respect, where she permits no liberties of the kind, but preserves a modest, dignified deportment in the presence of gentlemen.—Your handwriting is fair, but, as you see, the grammar of your letter has been corrected.

"GLERSHIP" writes: "You are so kind to others, I have ventured to bring my trouble to you. I have put aside fifteen dollars to spend for Christmas gifts. It is all that I can spare; but out of that I want to give six presents—my father, mother, sister of sixteen, sister of nineteen, a dear chum, and a lady friend, are all to be remembered. Will you suggest upon what I can spend the amount named, to give the most pleasure to my friends?"—For father—a newspaper-rack, blacking-brush case, a book, dog-skin gloves, or set for cigars, ashes, and matches, any of which articles may be purchased for two



## A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

What was that light in the Western orient,  
Melting the cloud-cascades to flame?  
What was that sound whose thund'rous echo  
Startled the world from main to main?  
What was it that burst from the plowshares,  
Kindling a yeoman's hopes and fears?  
What? 'Twas one word whose scintillant  
splendor  
Burns in the crown of a hundred years.

## CHORUS.

A hundred years! Ring out the triumph,  
The old bell pealed as patriots trod!  
Bind the patriarch's brow with silver  
Coined from smiles of Freedom's God!  
What was it reared the mammoth bulwarks,  
Where couchant thought sprung into light;  
Where woke the blazing eye of Genius;  
Where deathless minds demanded Right?  
What was it that opened the magic gateway,  
The brain a highway—the court of seers—  
The mighty Press—the people's guardian—  
The master-stroke of a hundred years.

What was it that trod with iron footsteps  
O'er trackless seas with trackless stride,  
Bearing a living, breathing freightage  
From land to land on every side?  
Strode, while a world stood mazed in wonder,  
Still the shout for her prince of peers?  
Let it resound, a century's victor—  
The giant mind of a hundred years.

What was it bound the flights of fancy  
With quivering bonds of living steel,  
Sending our thoughts through aerial regions,  
Surprising Time at his onward wheel?  
Girdling the earth with riding waters  
A huge Leviathan appears—  
Boundless the Field who loosed the monster,  
The master-work of a hundred years.

What was it that tinged our herald-morning  
With snows of peace, with vivid bars?  
What was it that struck one grand reveille?  
What was it that lit our blazoned stars?  
What is it comes with soft-toned cadence?  
A century's sighs, a century's tears—  
These are the gems of shimmering lustre  
That mists the crown of a hundred years.

## CHORUS.

A hundred years! Strike peals of triumph;  
Shout loud, oh, earth! respond, ye sea!  
A nation's God protect our freedom,  
Till Time, itself, no more shall be!

## Great Adventurers.

## THE NORSEMEN.

The Old Sea-Kings and "Vineland."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THAT Columbus was not the first European to look upon the Western World is now a conceded historic fact.

And it seems to be almost equally well proven that, eight hundred years ago, northern America was much less frigid and inhospitable than at the present day.

The fact that in Siberia, along the Arctic Sea coast line, is one of our regular sources of ivory supply, from the tusks of the now extinct mastodon, in itself pretty conclusive evidence of at least a temperate climate in that region. So vast must have been the herds of these immense creatures that the forest growth to sustain them must also have been of rank luxuriance. But, to-day, and since the historic record with the Arctic zone commenced—say for four hundred years—no herbivorous animal has or has had its habitat there save the moss and lichen-eating deer and musk ox.

The Norsemen, or "Sea-Kings," who, for nearly two centuries, were the terror of the British Isles, and swarmed all over the North Sea, after the Roman decadence, came from Scandinavia—what is now Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the Baltic coasts. No mere ice-land could have produced such a race of adventurers; the "Halls of Odin" and the realms of Thor were not possible in a land of snow and berg. Under all the favoring circumstances of modern civilization those countries are but thinly peopled, save in the more southern extremity.

The cold zone has been slowly but sensibly creeping down from the north. Within a few years it has been announced that Iceland, after having been peopled for nearly a thousand years, is no longer habitable. Where once, on its surface, were pleasant farms, are now only desert wastes, verdureless and frigid. Just a little rim along the sea, where the Gulf Stream current tempers the air, is now habitable at all, and even there the intelligent and hardy Icelanders have a struggle for life that is depopulating the old Danish province, and in a few years, in all probability, we shall witness the entire desertion of that old Norse domain. Its towns, its public buildings, its homes will remain alone and tenantless in cold desolation.

Iceland, discovered A. D. 861, was peopled about the year 870, by the Danes, and soon became a flourishing colony. From thence it was an easy step to Greenland; so a colony was planted there in the year 889. It was named Greenland from the green hue of its hills and valleys, and was considered an important acquisition. Under Eric the Red, the colony grew; hamlets and even towns sprung up, and a spirit of enterprise prevailed that indicated everything else than a frigid temperature ten months of the year, as is the condition there to-day.

An Icelandic named Herolf (or Herjulf) and his son Bjorn (or Bjorn), trading in two vessels between Norway and Iceland, were separated, A. D. 1001, by a storm, and when the son finally reached Norway he found that his father had sailed for Eric's colony in Greenland; so thither he determined to follow.

He was buffeted by a powerful north wind that drove his little vessel, for days, before it, to the south-west. He at length struck a low-lying land, covered with forests, with an island off the coast. He returned northward to Eric's colony, and the announcement of the discovery so inflamed the spirit of adventure, there, that Lief, the son of Eric, governor of the colony, fitted out a vessel, and with a crew of twenty-five men, and Bjorn for pilot, he started for the new country, A. D. 1002. He first sighted a coast which he named Helleland (Land of Rocks), supposed to be Labrador. Running south, he soon found a land of low, wood-covered shores, with a beach of very white sand. This he named Marikland (Land of Wood)—supposed to be Newfoundland, east coast. Two days' more sailing and he made land again—a small island before the main land. There he landed, and found the climate, soil, and products all encouraging. Embarking again, he rounded what is supposed to have been the south-east extremity of Newfoundland, and sailed west, until he came to a river. Up this he ran (supposed to be Fortune Bay), and finding a creek, ran up it. Everything was pleasant—air balmy, land covered with richest verdure, the bushes bearing berries, and in the woods were found grapes, which a German among the crew informed the Danes were the source of wine. Everything was so inviting that they resolved to tarry there for the winter, and did so, christening it *Vinland*—in deference to its riches in vines—or, more fully, *Vinland dot Gude*—the Good Wine Country. The winter was passed pleasantly,

and the vessel returned, next spring (A. D. 1003), to Greenland to report the good news. A number of the adventurers had remained to found a colony. And this was the first European settlement in America.

Grave discussions followed over the location of Vinland (or Vinland.) The historians who have dragged to light the old records of these voyages—well preserved in Icelandic literature—have different views of the precise location. Dr. Forster is inclined to fix it at the head of the Bay of Exploits, on the east coast of the island, for the reason that the landmarks are favorable, and because the chronicles announced that the sun arose on the shortest day at eight o'clock. This would make it, on parallel 48°—where Forster indicates. But others see it differently. There are not wanting good reasons to sustain the text we have accepted, which gives the colony a far more favorable location than in the bleak region around the Bay of Exploits. There the cold north-east winds are very hard to endure, while on the south coast of the island, along which sweeps the warm current of the tide in from the Gulf Stream, the surroundings are wholly consistent with a land of vines.

Voyages between Greenland and Vinland followed. In 1004 the colonists first found natives. That summer three canoes, containing three men in each, came in the bay. The Norsemen killed them all save one, who escaped, and paddling away, informed his tribe of the slaughter and brought them down upon the invaders, whose ships now rode at anchor in the waters. The natives were easily driven off. They were called by the colonists *Skrælings* (clips or dwarfs) from their diminutive size, and are supposed to have been Esquimaux from Labrador above, who probably ran down the west coast of Newfoundland every summer in pursuit of fish, game, fruit, etc.

This encounter, however, opened communication with the natives, and a profitable commerce in furs sprung up, which continued for years, until the quarrels of rival chiefs and wars at home wrought disaster to the colony, and from all that can be learned, those of the Norsemen who remained amalgamated with the natives and produced the race that was found on Newfoundland by the English—a race wholly unlike any other in color, features, habits and language.

In the year 1121, Eric, bishop of Greenland, went to Vinland to recover his countrymen from the savage condition into which they had degenerated, but, strange to tell, Eric and all his followers never more were heard of.

The sagas or old-time stories detail the progress of this deterioration of the settlers until, in the year 1050, a priest sent for their reconversion was cruelly murdered by them. After that they seem to have been given up until the good bishop Eric, as above stated, resolved to reclaim his lost brethren. Whether Eric was lost at sea, or perished at the hands of his degenerate countrymen, never will be known. From that date the Norsemen in Vinland wholly disappear from observation or mention.

Had Greenland prospered, doubtless the new country would have been reclaimed; but it is supposed that about that time climatic changes took place, rendering it yearly more difficult to maintain the colonies there. What caused this change we will try to indicate.

While the fever of adventure was on the Norsemen, in the first years of the discovery of the continent, it is presumed that they cruised along down the coast to Cape Cod or Newport Bay, for many antiquarians see in the celebrated and most mysterious Round Tower of Newport a certain sign of their presence there; but it is yet to be proven that that Tower is their handiwork. It certainly was the work of a civilized race, built, as it is, with architectural skill and nicety, with selected stone, laid up with a strong mortar. For what purpose it was erected no one can say. It simply is a round room sustained on a beautiful series of arches and pillars, standing on a slight elevation that slopes away gently to the waters of the land-locked harbor. If the Norsemen did not build it, who did? It was there, and in its present roofless condition, when the English first penetrated Newport Bay.

But the most startling mystery of the north is the entire disappearance of a group of islands—one of them larger than Iceland, and known as Frisland. This land, as a royal domain, comes out in the story of the Venetian brothers Zeno—one of whom, in the year 1380, was driven upon it in an adventurous voyage to Britain and Flanders. He was well received by the chief or king of the island, and given command of his fleet. This brother thereupon sent to his younger brother Antonio, in Venice, asking him to come on and share his good fortune. Antonio went to Frisland, and in the service of the king—who aimed at the supremacy of the North Sea—they assailed both Iceland and Greenland, and cruised one thousand miles to the westward. Besides the evidence of the letters written by Antonio to his brother Carlo in Venice, we have other proof which goes to show that Frisland was such a country and inhabited by such a race as the Zeno brothers described. Authorities agree that it was larger than Iceland, and Hakluyt says larger than Ireland. Frobenius saw and spoke of Frisland, in each of his three north voyages (1576-77-78). He exactly locates it, viz.:

"July 4th, (1577), we made land perfect, and knew it to be Frisland. Found ourselves in latitude 60°, and were fallen with the southernmost part of this land. It is thought to be one of the islands inferior to England. . . . They the Zeno brothers have in their sea-charts described every part; and for so much of the land as we have sailed along, comparing their charts with the coast, we find it very agreeable."

This land no longer has any existence! Captain Hall sailed over its site in 1612, but failed to find it. On his map, or chart for his guidance, Frisland was laid down between 61° and 62° latitude, about four hundred miles N. W. of Scotland. Frobenius's island of "Buss" was placed in latitude 57°. This island Frobenius fell in with, on his return from his third Arctic voyage, in the ship Buss, "in latitude 57½°, fifty leagues S. E. of Frisland." He sailed along it for three days. It, too, has disappeared. It probably was simply the south-eastern part of Frisland, which must have gone down in the sea, with all its inhabitants, between the years 1578 and 1612.

Now for the results. As the warm Gulf Stream was deflected toward Iceland and East Greenland, in consequence of the great land of Frisland, lying mostly in the path of its flow, it made Iceland and Greenland sensibly warmer and habitable during their first settlements, but, as the island began to subside, the current began to flow more away from the western lands, and finally, when the whole of Frisland disappeared under water, the Gulf Stream ran over its site. As the island was about three hundred miles in diameter the warm stream began to flow more and more over it for that extent of surface, but not until the sinking land had gone down to a great depth was the Gulf Ocean River fully deflected to its present bed. Then ice-fields began to collect along all

the coast between Greenland and Iceland, and, in consequence, Iceland grew colder, and yearly more inhospitable. And now, as Frisland has sunk probably to its lowest depth, the warm Gulf Stream flows so far away that Iceland is frigid beyond reclamation. In a few years more all its people will have passed either over to Denmark or to British North America, where already they have secured concessions of land and formed the nucleus of their new home. The changes that time has wrought on Greenland and Iceland seem to have affected Newfoundland. Its *wine* land is wine land no more.

## Pert.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

DARE sprang down from his horse and doffed his hat to the pretty girl standing by the roadside, her back against a tree-bolt, a basket at her feet in which some ugly brown paper parcels were hidden by the gorgeous flowers of a shrub she had been despoiling.

"I beg pardon! Will you be so kind as to direct me to Arundale?"

"To Arundale," repeated the girl, looking at him with an interest so great that for a moment she forgot to reply to his question. "Then the people have come there, have they?"

He smiled at her childlike curiosity. "I am going there if I ever find my way out of these lanes and byways; and if you can oblige me—"

"Oh, go ahead and turn to the left where the three roads meet. Then"—she paused a moment to consider, and announced abruptly: "I'll go along and show you the turn which will put you on the straight road. It's on my way."

She tied on her hat which had swung upon her arm, and was about taking up her basket again, but with an "Allow me" he anticipated her motion.

"I shouldn't think you'd like carrying that truck any better than I do," she said, in a contemptuous tone. "Gentlemen don't usually." "Don't they? I really wasn't aware of the fact. It appears to me now that any gentleman might be proud of bearing such a floral trophy, Miss—"

"Jones," she interpolated, curtly, with a curl of her red lips as he paused for the name.

"Miss Jones; all the more when he is commissioned by one of the graces."

"One of the graces named Pert Jones," said the girl, with a short, scornful laugh. "And instead of a floral trophy you are carrying sugar and starch and tea for aunt Jude Jones, the laundress. You'd better give me the basket, sir."

He looked at her with an amused smile. "No, no," he said. "I shall exact thanks in proportion to the value of the service rendered, and that will not leave us quits by a long way."

Miss Pert Jones' chin went an inch higher in the air as if resenting the speech, and she walked on in dignified silence without giving him a look. The light of bold admiration which had come into Vernon Dare's blue eyes deepened as he watched the little figure borne before him with its swift, elastic tread. What manner of girl was this, who, disdained flattery, and who flung her low station defiantly in his teeth while she bore herself like a queen? Dare, fresh from Fifth Avenue mansions, was impressed with a sort of fascinated interest.

"Do they raise many such girls in Allahoma, I wonder? Ye gods! that patrician head, that arched instep, to be allied to the name of Jones. It's enough to make one hope she may change it soon."

She stopped abruptly, pointing westward. "That's your way. You can see the chimneys of Arundale over the trees yonder. Good-evening, sir!"

"Wait a moment, please. Do you live near here?"

"Just around the hill there."

"May I come to see you and thank you for the favor you have done me to-night?"

The red blood ran swiftly into the girl's cheeks, but she shook her head.

"No."

"Why not?"

Her magnificent Southern eyes lit with a flash as she answered proudly:

"The guests at a place like Arundale do not honor their laundress by calling upon her. If you have any orders, aunt Jude will be happy to go for them or send Gus."

Mr. Dare twisted his golden mustache in evident annoyance and perplexity. Then a luminous idea came to him.

"I hear they are going to have a fandango of some sort at the house to-morrow. Are you coming?"

"The festivities are in honor of the new owner of Arundale," said Pert, with the precision of one who repeats a lesson. "There is to be a dinner on the lawn for the tenantry, with dancing and fireworks afterward, a feast at the quarters, and a ball at the house in the evening. As I am neither a tenant, a negro, nor a lady, I shall not be there."

"By George! as much a lady as any one who will be there," cried Dare, impatiently. "I say, if the fellow who had the management of the thing, the agent, you know, sends you an invitation yet, will you come?"

Pert gave him an incredulous glance, while her bright eyes came to her lips. If she could, if she only could! The very thought set all the blood in her veins tingling.

"Madame Dare," she faltered; "Madame Dare would never send one."

"Madame Dare will do as I ask her."

"Then I'll come."

"Good child! I knew you would." But she was already off, flying away through the dusk. Dare laughed a low, satisfied laugh to himself as he sprang again into his saddle.

"Whatever my lady mother may say," he muttered, "I will have my own way."

The girl stood still in the purple twilight and listened to the dying sound of his horse's hoofs, then climbing the rising ground to its highest point, stood looking away in the distance where Arundale lifted its stately walls and sent its many lights streaming far into the night. The noble plantation of Arundale which had been for a dozen years without an owner, whose last master had fallen by the hands of his own neighbors, a victim to the frenzy of the extreme faction in the earliest, wildest excitement of the rebellion. Arundale and the massive shut-up mansion there had always possessed a sort of weird attraction for Ruperta Jones, and now it had fallen to an heir-at-law—Vernon Dare.

A candle flared in the window, and two figures stood before the little brown cottage of the laundress, as Pert approached.

"That's her now, mother. I told you no harm'd come to her. Though you might have considered our feelings a little more, Pert, that's a fact."

"I've as much consideration for your feel-

ings, Gus Jones, as you have for me, for all you're so much."

"I haven't been a pretending," said the awkward young fellow who had come nearer her, doggedly. "What's the use suspiciousing that of me when I'm only anxious you should take me at my word to-morrow."

"I shall not take *your* depend on it."

"Don't quarrel, children. For you, Pert, you might go further and do worse than to take Gus. You won't find one to treat you better."

"Then I'll do without any. There's your goods, aunt Jude. I've done enough for you to-day not to be badgered now, I think."

"If you weren't a silly chit you'd know what was for your good. It's all the thanks I'm to have for my trouble and care of you; I'm to see my boy break his heart because I was soft enough to bring you up like my own."

"It'll not be for me, Aunt Jude. He kept all his sweet words for Tillie Gray, until a month ago. You like her better to-day than you do me, Gus, and I know it. You can get her now for the asking, and it's the million you'll get all around, if you put it off too long."

Mrs. Jones turned hastily toward the doorway.

"Come in out of the night, children. You've kept me waiting tea till it's spoiled, like as not, Pert."

"Then you can just let it wait a minute longer, mother. She said the truth, if it ever was said. Tillie Gray won't stand it to be fooled, and she'll think I'm fooling if I hang off and on so. I've tried to please you, and I'm willing still if it's to be done; but if Pert won't have me, I don't see the sense of losing 'em both. She's not such a forgiving critter that I'd risk much for the sake of getting her, so if you're agreeable, mother—"

"Gust Gus!" cried the woman, warningly.

"It's time we made an end of it," said Gus, stoutly. "Murder will out, and I doubt if you or I would be any better off. You haven't done your duty to Pert, over and above as I can see, and if she don't take to me enough to bear with me now, things ain't apt to better themselves by-and-by. It ain't natural that they should. I ain't one to preach, but it seems to me it's time the square thing was done all around, and so if Pert says it again, I'll make it convenient to want the girl that's wanting me, instead of one that gives me nothing but hard words from week's end to week's end."

"Stick to that and you'll not get so many of them. You're not such a bad fellow, Gus, when you don't bother me. Oh," she said, in a sudden fit of repentance, "I've been nothing but a trouble to you and aunt Jude, and ever since that day Madame Dare rode by here I haven't felt like myself. It was that very day you asked me first, Gus, and I said 'No,' as I say it now and always will."

The eyes of the mother and son met in a significant glance, but Pert, who was planted now with her back against the door-frame, and her troubled face, turned toward the outer night, saw nothing. She was glad when tea was over and the dishes washed, and she rose to go up to her attic chamber and dream of Arundale. They were at breakfast next morning when her invitation thither came. Pert glanced appealingly toward Aunt Jude. She sat in her place, a figure as gray, and grim, and still as if she had been carved from stone, her eyes upon her plate, her lips set in a hard line. The girl slipped from her seat, and put her arm about the woman's neck.

"Say I can go, auntie, please. You would if you knew how badly I want to."

"Then go, for all of me." It was not a gracious consent, but it was better than Pert had expected.

"Gray says that young Mr. Dare has come, and is a pleasant-spoken gentleman," volunteered Gus, his eyes upon his mother's face. "But it does seem a pity for Arundale to go to one that's a most no kin at all to the Arundels. Do you know they were saying, mother, if the little girl had lived she'd be fifteen year old to-day."

"My birthday," said Pert, involuntarily; "but by my age, but she would have been mistress of Arundale."

Aunt Jude's stony lips moved then. "She was lost in the wing that was burned down the same night her father was killed. They'd have hung him only that they had to shoot him dead to get him at all."

"You were in the house that night, mother?"

"Yes, and I'll never forget it. Not likely I should. Arundale was a good man, kind-hearted and free-handed. He gave us a shelter and we worked when it was the darkest hour for you and me, Gus, and I'm going to pay back the debt before this day's over. Depend on it."

An approving glow flashed up into that raw youth's florid face; and to Pert, listening in puzzled wonderment, he seemed to have gained some new element of manliness which won a warmer feeling for him than she had given him for many a long day.

It was all over, the feasting, the dancing, the gay groups dotting the lawn, the shower of fireworks ascending when complete darkness fell. It was the signal for the tenantry to disperse, and marked the hour when Madame Dare's aristocratic company had arrived. It was a day which would stand out separate and distinct from all others in Ruperta's memory: the day of her triumph, for she had danced with Vernon Dare more times than any other girl there, and a little regretful sigh waved over her lips to know that the day was done.

She looked up with a start as a snow-white, jeweled hand touched her, into Madame Dare's face.

"If you would like to come inside and hear the music, it will please me to have you do so. My son tells me you are fond of music."

"Very." The heart of the girl gave an eager bound; but now, as before, Madame Dare assured herself that the pretty little rustic would be no blemish upon her social scene.

"If the young lady has consented, I will do myself the honor of conducting her in," said Vernon's voice, and it needed no words to tell Ruperta that it was to him she owed this continuance of her treat.

There was a few moments' delay while Gus, who was to act as her escort home, was found, and his permission for her stay obtained. As they neared the entrance, a servant fitted out to intercept them with a message from Madame Dare. They were requested to attend her in the library without delay.

"An odd message from the madame just at this time," said Vernon, with a shrug. "I hope she hasn't repented," he thought, uneasily. "It would cut me almost as much as the little one herself to have her disappointed now."

It was rather a singular tableau which presented itself as the library door swung back to admit them.

Aunt Jude was standing, straight and stiff as a poker, under the central chandelier, her stony face of the morning, as shown by the downpour of brilliant light, unchanged. The superannuated parson from Allahoma sat near

and opposite him, with a perplexed look upon her face, Madame Dare waited.

She addressed herself to her son.

"These persons have something to communicate, which requires your presence and that of Miss Jones, Vernon. I granted an interview, as I assuredly should not have done had I known what conditions were to attend it. Pray, proceed."

Judith Jones bridled under that coolly-inclusive tone.

"I'll not keep you long, ma'am. I've only to tell you that you're not the mistress here, nor him the master. It's that girl there, who I've called my niece, is lawful owner of Arundale. She's Rupert Arundel's daughter, no kin of mine. I saved her when they all thought she was lost on that fearful night. I kept the secret in the bloody war times that she might be safer, and afterward for reasons of my own, maybe, I'm telling you the truth, madame and sir, and Mr. Du Boyce is my witness. He was the only living human I could trust to keep my secret, and he's known of it all along."

"It is as she says," spoke the venerable minister. "The child is Rupert Arundel's daughter; and had Mrs. Jones been advised by me, her identity would never have been concealed."

"I'd a hope that she and Gus might take to each other," said Aunt Jude, in her hard, unflinching tone. "A vain hope, for he took to his kind and she to hers as if they'd known. He suspected me after I'd gave him a hint that Pert had a fortune-a waiting here, and he'll think the better of me after I've made amends for keeping her out of it so long."

Madame Dare's face was white, but calm. Ruperta looked from her up into Vernon's eyes, her own dilating wildly.

"Can this be true? Oh, can it be?"

"I think it is, Ruperta."

"And you?"

"I'm striving to speak lightly. 'I shall retire from the scene, let us hope with a good grace, since it is all which remains for me to do. I have the felicity of being first to congratulate you, cousin Ruperta.'"

The last she never heard. The lighted room wavered before her eyes and he caught her, his heart beating madly against the unconscious form as he held it close for one instant.

Despite her later remonstrances, he did go—for two years. But she remained under Madame Dare's tutelage, and when Vernon returned he found her all he ever dreamed she might become.

It was no more than right perhaps that he really become master of Arundale after all.

"For," he says to Ruperta, "you should just as surely have been mistress here had the long-kept secret never been disclosed. I made up my mind to that in the very hour I saw you first."

And she believes it in her heart's core.

The Hunted Bride;  
OR,  
WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

There were exciting scenes in Branthope Villa that night. The answer which Uncle Peter received, when he frantically demanded his niece, struck home to his heart the death-blow so long ready to fall. His nephew softened the blow all that he could by art and delay, first beginning with a story of Margaret's attachment to a gentleman, whose acquaintance she had formed on board the ship during their last summer's voyage—how she had gone down to the city to fulfill a secret promise she had made of becoming his wife—how they were married in church, himself being one of the witnesses—and how, in the act of stepping into a small boat, which was to bear them to their tropical home, the boat had partially upset, the whole party thrown into the water, and Margaret drowned.

"Margaret dead!" exclaimed the old man, rising from his bed, and advancing, without assistance, to the center of the room, with upraised arm, as if to strike the bearer of the news.

"And buried?" he added, a moment later, gazing at Branthope, who could only nod an affirmative reply.

"There has been foul play!" cried the old man, in a high, sharp key; "foul play, I say! Dead—and buried without my seeing her; without my being summoned? You are a rascal, Branthope Maxwell! You have had a hand in this!—a murderer—a—I know not what. Call the housekeeper! Call some one, I say! I will send for the sheriff—I will put the case in his hands! Margaret! my little girl! oh, where are you? Why don't you come to poor old Uncle Peter? It is dark, and you do—do not come. Margaret!"—oh, what a fond, passionate, yearning cry!—but even as he gave it, the old man swayed and tottered, and Branthope sprang forward only in time to prevent his fall upon the floor.

Before he dared lay down his burden to ring the bell, Uncle Peter had expired in his arms.

The wailing of the servants, that night was not so much for the master, dead in the house, as for the young mistress, whom they were never more to see. The story flew abroad, early in the morning, and the whole neighborhood came with sympathy and aid.

The account of Margaret's runaway marriage with a foreigner went with that of her accidental death; altogether the tragic interest which gathered about Branthope Villa, was powerful enough to keep the community in a state of excitement; and many there were who, looking upon young Maxwell with curious and pitying eyes, saw so much trouble and unhappiness in his face as to conclude that his cousin had jilted him, and broken his heart by doing so, and by her early death. For he would have been more calloused in feeling and experienced in wrong-doing than he was, had he not felt the consequences of his selfish conduct intolerable. Two deaths within a fortnight, both as truly to be laid at his door, as if he had planned and executed them!

He was, indeed, wretched enough. He fell away in flesh, his eyes had the look of eyes which do not sleep; he was moody, restless, pallid—everybody said how deeply he took to heart his double loss—he felt it even more than was to be expected, seeing that he had now become, by Margaret's death, and his being next of kin, sole heir to Branthope Villa, and all Uncle Peter's moneys and estates.

He, who had done so much to bring about such a result, would have given up all, and have gone back under the yoke of unpaid debts, could he have replaced his young cousin in her home, as he had won her from it, and have



seen his uncle back in that wearisome sick-chamber, out of which he had startled him forever. He was not a murderer at heart—not even a robber or dishonest man; he had been led away, by the temptations of an easy life, and the weak promptings of a selfish, luxurious nature, to consent to a wrong which he persuaded himself was not so mean and wicked as it really was. Now, he saw it in its true light—too late for repentance to avail.

Business kept him for some weeks, the most of the time at the Villa, and when he finally left it, for the winter, in care of the housekeeper, it was as its undisputed master. Uncle Peter's property was found to be more instead of less, as is generally the case, than was currently reported. His prudent operations had been successful, and there was plenty of money in the bank, as well as much invested in profitable ways which brought in a handsome income.

Branthope, with his pleasure-loving temperament, had nothing to do but to lay the ghosts which haunted him. He was obliged to do it, in self-defense, he was so miserable—obliged to become almost recklessly gay, to keep constantly in society, to be always in the company of good fellows, of bright ladies, in order to shut out the pictures which arose before him in solitude. He was quite successful in his attempts to forget and be happy. After a time he became really what at first he had only affected, gay and care-free; only, at intervals, he would have visions, and at night, frequently, startling and unpleasant dreams.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE CREW OF THE SALLY ANN.

In the mean time, what of Margaret? Not drowned, not sunken, as our readers must have foreseen. She was awakened from that sleepy floating upon clouds of ether-down, by a rude thump against some massive piece of timber. Involuntarily she reached out her hand. The struggle for the life she had resigned began over again. She was choking and cramping—she was sinking. As she stretched out her arm, she felt and clasped a wooden beam. She clung to it, got her other arm over it, and held on, with her head above the foul and freezing water which moaned and seethed and still rose higher about her—for the tide was setting in. Presently she had recovered sufficient breath to enable her to crawl, with a great, disheartening effort, upon the beam, and to cling with cold, numb fingers, to another cross-piece above. She knew very well where she was. Under the dock! dark waters underneath, slimy walls about her, heavy wooden planks above. Ah, what a coffin! She shuddered with the thought, and with the bitter cold.

When she was a trifle more composed, less water in her ears and mouth, she heard the tramping of feet above her, saw the gleam of a lantern through a crack in her prison-ceiling, knew that they were looking for her, that by crying out she could yet be saved. She pressed her trembling lips more firmly together, and was dumb.

She crouched in that awful place until voices and lights were gone. A long time! They had given her up at last, thank God! Now for courage to meet a lingering death. Oh, why had she not sunk at once!—then all would have been over. The water rose, and almost washed her from her slippery hold. She was so wet, so chilled. Time wore on. The tide was still rising. It came over her, where she clung. She wondered if she might not struggle up to the cross-piece to which she was holding on with her hands. She cautiously made the effort and succeeded. No sooner was she established in this new hold on life, than she saw stars twinkling above her—a piece of the blue sky. Before, all had been dark—dark as the grave. After a moment's study she made out, with a sudden leap of the heart, that part of a plank was missing from the flooring of the pier. If she could but reach to crawl out through that, she might yet be saved—might fly from the man who called her his wife, might creep and crawl by night back to Branthope Villa, and there be hidden and protected.

With the hope came a renewal of her ebbing strength. Very carefully, slipping and clinging, she got upon her feet, put her head through the opening, which was on a level, now, with her waist, and looked about her. There was no one to assist—or betray. Using an elbow for a lever, she lifted herself; her knee was upon the flooring—some more effort, and she stood upon the pier. Saved!

She had not felt the wind in that terrible shelter below there. Now it blew about her, flapping her wet garments, which almost froze to her limbs. She realized that a few moments of such exposure would render her helpless, unless she greatly exerted herself. High clouds were hurrying across the sky, obscuring the stars one moment, to pass from them the next. The light was faint and uncertain, but she groped her way off the pier, until she came in to a street which she supposed to be West street. She began to run, to keep from freezing; but whenever she came near a lamp, she hurried by with caution, and when, rarely, she saw a policeman approaching on his beat, she hid in areas, or behind sheds or lumber-piles, until he had passed. To seek assistance of one of these was, probably, to be given back into the power of that man. She had no set project of escape—only a dim idea that if she could struggle on she might reach the open country before daybreak, and ask for warmth and food at some humble house, where her identity would not be suspected.

She had far greater powers of endurance than most girls of the present day, her free country life and her inherited English constitution having insured her that; but the wind numbed her, and her wet clothes were heavy as if made of iron.

Still she struggled and stumbled on, until, at last, upon the approach of an officer down the street with a bull-eye open in his forehead, she fled out upon the pier into a large lumber-yard, where she lost herself amid high piles of boards, and when she attempted to come out on the street again, found herself on the river-side, with gaunt skeletons of masts standing against the sky, and quiet fleets of vessels crowded side by side, locked up there, as if they were at their winter moorings. Her eyes were dim by this time, and her brain numb as her feet and hands. Her very heart was deathly cold, and when she went to turn she became confused. Presently she was conscious that a light, like that of a lamp, was shining somewhere, and she stumbled toward it; but before she quite reached it, she fell, and after that she knew no more for some hours.

When Margaret again unclosed her eyes, the daylight came dimly into the place where she was. It was a queer place; she could not make it out, and she lay quietly in her bewilderment, wondering, and, by degrees, remembering. She lay on a sort of shelf on one side of a room about eight feet wide by twelve long; there was another shelf above and one beneath

her, in which she heard a little child tossing and talking and teasing to be taken up. There was a very tiny stove in one corner, upon which stood a tin coffee-pot; a small table in another corner, spread with the necessities of a very modest breakfast; a cradle was crowded close upon the table, and, indeed, the whole little apartment had a sadly crowded aspect, containing, as it did, the furniture and equipments of an entire family of four, inclusive of sleeping arrangements—which crowded aspect was still further increased by the ridiculously unnecessary largeness and fatness of the woman, who, sitting on a deck-stool, with a fretful baby in her lap, seemed to fill and overflow the space, and take up so much more room than she was entitled to. Yet she did it in that good-natured manner that no one, surely, could begrudge it to her. Margaret, through her half-open lids, saw the woman's dimpled, round face, and almost felt at home. Her comely face, and almost felt at home. Her wandering glance went up to the windows, to find if the scene outside might betray her whereabouts; the windows, like everything else, were queer—only a pane of glass in height, but broad enough, and very near the low ceiling. Through them she saw the sky and the outlines of two or three masts of vessels—the last things she had seen as she stumbled on, unconscious, the previous night.

The sight brought back everything, and she groaned aloud.

"Lord-a-mercy!" cried the woman, jumping up so suddenly as to have forgotten her own baby, which would have fallen upon her head had not the kindly cradle caught and held it—"so, you've come to, have you, Miss! an' Ezekiel sayin' you was clean gone. Sartin, now, how do you feel?"

"I hardly know," said Margaret, faintly, but trying to smile, for the woman's hearty voice had a cheerful sound.

"Don't speak agin' till you've drunk this—every drop on it—I've tried to get it down you when you was as good as dead, but I couldn't get you to swallow much"—and she brought a tumbler of hot spiced whisky-punch, which had been kept covered on the stove-hearth, lifted her patient's head, and forced the draught upon her by the power of her superior will, all the time rattling on, as fast as she could comfortably speak, being a little short-breathed.

"Wasn't it a mussy the baby was sick last night, an' I got up and struck a light to see what was the matter with the poor little thing—she's a-cuttin' her first teeth, Miss—an' kep' up the fire to make her some catnip tea, an' was a-settin' an' a-rockin' her, an' Zeke snorin' for it don't keep him awake to have the young ones cry—an' a blessin', too, he bein' out to work all day—an' I hear somethin' tumble agin' the door, like a big dog, or what not, and scart me so, I hollered to Zeke, an' made him get up to open it to drive the dog away—an' there, law sez, it wasn't no dog, but you, Miss, that was, and that cold, actually friz to death! I reckon Zeke was glad he turned out, when he seen what was up. But we give you up for dead more'n once. La! I had a night of it, with my sick baby, and with you; but she's better now, and I'm right glad she was took so bad just at that time, for if I'd been sound asleep I shouldn't 'a' heard you fall, and you'd 'a' friz solid afore mornin'."

"Perhaps that would have been the best thing which could have happened," murmured Margaret.

"Oh, don't say that now! It's your bounden duty to live as long as God lets ye, and you musn't be too impatient. Laws! you've just begun life. Not a day over eighteen, I'll be bound. How come you in that fix, now, if you've no objections to tell? Of course you know you was in the river, but how come you there? Accident or—soccidee?" The merry blue eyes shut up into a twinkling line in the excess of the good woman's curiosity. The poor girl could hardly help smiling, even in her misery, at the intense inquisitiveness of the Yankee face, so good-natured and benevolent at the same time.

"If it were soccidee would I have tried so hard to save myself?" asked Margaret, prudently—already the fear, destined to be the lion in her path, had sprung up and faced her—the fear that Mr. Martinique would hear of her safety and claim her.

"So! that's so. We thought—Zeke an' me—p'raps it might be. You was dressed so nice, an' so young an' handsome. We said, to onces—there's a romantical mystery here. Of course, if it ain't soccidee, you'd like us to let your friends know, the sooner the better!"

"Alas! I have no friends!"

"There!" exclaimed the woman, exultingly, turning to a rough little man, as thin and small as she was large and dimpled, who at that moment slipped in the door. "I told you so! There's a romantical mystery here, as you live, Zeke."

"Bear a hand, Sally—don't you see she's slippin' her anchor agin'! Where's the grog?" Margaret had again become unconscious. It was some time before she revived. When she could be left a little while to herself, the hostess comforted her screaming baby, and her husband, having dressed the other child, put the coffee and a plate of buckwheat cakes on the table, and the family ate breakfast.

When they had finished the meal, of which they must have stood in need, as their night's exertions, the woman brought a cup of coffee and a soaked cracker to her patient, who ate and drank quite eagerly, and was refreshed.

"Where am I?" she asked, looking again about the queer place.

"On board the Sally Ann," answered the man, laughing a little, and with an air as if proud of the fact.

"Where bound?" gasped Margaret, faintly, "not to—oh, not to South America?"

"Where bound?" gasped Margaret, faintly, "not to—oh, not to South America?"

The little man shook with laughter, and his dimpled spouse shook, too, as he replied:

"To South America! For bless you, no! the Sally Ann confines herself mostly to the raging canawl, except w'en she comes down in tow of some snoter to visit the city. She's bound, now, to stay where she is, till navigation opens, an' that's all she's bound for. South America, I s'wore! to think of the Sally Ann attempting that, mother!"

"Mother!" laughed, and then she squinted up her eyes again into that twinkling line, as she turned to the strange visitor.

"What under the sun put that into your head? Was yer a-calculatin' to go there, or was yer afraid you might be obliged to?"

"I don't wish to go there," cried Margaret, faintly. "Oh, no, not for the world. I'll tell you sometime—this afternoon, perhaps, when I'm well enough to sit up."

"Yes, yes—all right. Don't you go to tirin' yourself out, talkin'. I've got yer wet things a-dryin', an' I'll press 'em off yer by'nby, an' yer can fix yourself quite decent before your friends comes after you. Now, I jest tell you, the best thing fer ye is to take a good long nap. I'll try and git baby to sleep 't the same time, so's we ken hev it quiet."

"Oh," said Margaret, "I don't wish to go to sleep—I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of us?" asked the little man, crim-

soning with indignation. "Do you s'pose the owners o' the Sally Ann would 'a' left us to take keer of her—in full charge of her, without payin' a cent o' rent for our accommodations, if we was that kind o' folks? If you had the hull Bank o' Boston in yer pocket, see shouldn't tech it?"

"I beg your pardon, a thousand times. I didn't mean that, oh, no! I would trust you with the Bank of Boston, if I had it—which I have not!" smiling sadly. "But I'm so afraid I shall be found—discovered—by those who, doubtless, are looking for me. They will search everywhere; the police will know it, and, oh, I would rather die this hour than fall again into their hands. It was to get away from them that I sprung into the river. They, probably, believe that I am drowned. But they will try to be certain of it. They are rich—they will buy the assistance of others—the police will be on the watch. If any one hears of my being here I shall be taken away. Oh," clasping her hands, "if there were any cellar dark enough to hide me! No, I dare not sleep. I must keep on the watch; for if I hear or see them coming I shall kill myself. They never—never—never shall take me alive!" She sunk back on her pillow, exhausted, looking piteously at her new friends with those beautiful eyes, whose pleadings they had not hearts hard enough to withstand. Nobody shall leave ye agin' your will while 'm master o' the Sally Ann," said the man, throwing back his shoulders, and glowing with an expression like that of a commodore on deck, and about to engage with the enemy.

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

"An' look-a-here, my beauty. You jest go to sleep as sound as you like. Not a body shall set foot on this craft this day, 'ceptin' them already here. I'll stand watch all day, if ye say so—though, Lord knows, we ain't likely to be troubled with visitors, are we, Sally?"

Sally dimpled all over, as she usually did when addressed, saying:

"We ain't tied up but a fortnight, and we don't know a soul about us yet. You kin sleep as peaceful here as if you was in the moon. If anybody comes inquiren' round 'em sharp enough to turn 'em off. No need, Zeke, o' your givin' up yer day's work to stan' watch. I'll take keer o' the Sally Ann, and all on board."

"If it's safe to leave me here," spoke Margaret, a little anxiously, "I wish you would go out. You will probably hear what is said about the accident; and please bring me a paper, if there's anything about a lady's being drowned in the river, to-day."

"Jest as the wind decides. That's my rule o' conduct. And, Sally, keep a sharp eye out, and if yer sees the enemy bearin' down, clear the decks for action. Keep the door of the cabin locked; and, law, Miss, if you'd feel easier, pull down them little curtains, and there you are; shet up like a bag o' gold in a chest. Nobody'd never guess you was there, if they come right in. Mother'll put your clothes out o' sight as soon as they're dry, an' you kin lie as snug as a kernel in a nut."

When he was ready to go forth for the day his wife followed him out, and as she lowered beside him on the deck of the canal-boat her whole face was illuminated, in all its folds and dimples, as she whispered, emphatically:

"There's some romantical mystery, I tell you, Zeke, about that young lady. Nothin' common, nuther. To think o' her bein' led to the Sally Ann, an' I so fond o' 'em!"

"Fond o' what?" asked her partner, perplexed.

"Romantical mysteries. Why, it's as good as a novel, an' a good deal more real, a-havin' her here in our very cabin. I shan't begrudge her a little trouble, it's so nice to have it happen here—but I'm dyin' to know the climax."

"Well, don't you bother her with too many questions. As soon as she sees you're real friendly she'll let it all out, no doubt. I'll come home early—like as not I shall learn all about her, in the papers, or from the p'lice."

"But you won't betray her, Zeke?"

"Not I! The master o' the Sally Ann don't betray one o' the softer set who has confided in him. Sally, you know that!"

"Yes, I do. An' bring a chicken, Zeke, to make her some broth. Between you an' I an' the sign-post, I don't reckon on her leavin' us to-day. I see a fever comin' on."

"That's pesky bad for her, poor young thing. But you're a purty good nurse, mother. Doctor her up as well as you kin, an' I'll not forget the chicken."

He went away, and Mrs. Sally, returning to the cabin, heroically suppressed her inclination to talk, and, drawing the curtain before the berth in which the stranger lay, took her baby in her lap, and sung it to sleep to the music of the "Bay o' Barbary." Her other child played quietly about her feet, but she sung two children to sleep with the same touching ditty; for Margaret, whose brain already began to wander a little, dreamed that she was a babe and was being rocked to sleep on her mother's breast, and, thus dreaming, sunk into a heavy, but not healthy slumber.

She slept until late in the afternoon. When, finally, she unclosed her languid eyes, the long strips of windows, the low ceiling, the little stove and the large woman, were all as if she had never seen them before, and after that, for several days, her memory only came to her at intervals, during which she would so piteously implore her humble friends not to summon a physician, not to let any one see her, that they, albeit much alarmed at her condition, unwillingly consented, Mrs. Sally bringing to bear all her New England knowledge of herb-teas and bitters, and much weighed down by a sense of responsibility, as well as an intense desire to know the "climax."

At about the tenth day Margaret broke the fever-chain, cleared the cobwebs of delirium from her brain, and was once more herself. Her young and vigorous constitution now asserted itself in her rapid recovery.

"The papers—all the daily papers, since I came here," were the first things she asked for.

Zekiel brought her a pile of them; but the letters swam before her eyes, and she had to take a day or two's regimen of chicken-broth and egg-nogg before she could begin the task of going through with them.

"It is all right," she said to Mrs. Sally, who sat, baby in lap, watching her with her twinkling eyes drawn up in a line; "they believe me dead—they believe that they have buried me. That is what I most desire. Henceforth I am dead—to myself, to them, to the past. I must begin like one just born—a new name, a new life!" then she burst into tears, not at thought of this, but because she had learned, through those papers, of her dear uncle's sudden death.

She sobbed so violently, in her weak state, that Mrs. Sally put down the baby and brought the "camfiro-bottle."

"It don't hurt me to cry, Mrs. Griggs; I feel better now."

"But you shouldn't overdo yourself, Mrs. Martinique," responded the good woman, half-shutting her eyes.

Margaret sat straight up in bed; a hot flush rushed over her pale face, and her eyes flashed lightning.

"Don't call me by that name," she said, passionately; "it is mine, I suppose, but it is fastened on me by fraud, and I refuse it. You know, of course, all that the papers can reveal. Mrs. Griggs. I am Mrs. Martinique—drowned, buried, my husband sailed for his southern home, my uncle killed by the news of my death, my cousin left sole heir to the estate—thus the papers have it, and thus it is. Mind you, it is, and must ever be. That I am not dead and buried is no one's affair but my own. I choose to have it thought that I am thus disposed of."

"Mrs. Griggs, circumstances have placed me in your power. You have been like a sister to me, and your husband has been like a brother. In return, I will explain to you why I did not choose to go to South America with Mr. Martinique!" The twinkling eyes shone brightly through the half-shut lids. Little Hiram was boxed on the ear for attempting to blow his penny whistle, and the baby's mouth was stopped with its natural stopper, while Mrs. Griggs listened to as much as Margaret thought necessary to explain.

When the sad story was ended, tears were dripping from the twinkling eyes and dropping on the dimpled cheeks—tears of compassion for the young lady, and of indignation at those who had plotted against her happiness—but through all her intense sympathy there broke a ray of triumph, as she exclaimed:

"That's a climax, now, a worth-a-comin' lot! I've always felt 't would be my lot to be mixed up with a reg'lar tragedy yet, as I've often said to Zeke—an' here it is, sure enough!"

Mrs. Griggs, during that portion of her life spent peacefully on the calm bosom of the great canal, had been mistress of many quiet hours which otherwise might have been, to say the least, monotonous, had she not filled them and thrilled them with the perusal of many exciting works of fiction, from the "Mysteries of Udolpho," down to the "Gun-maker of Moscow," and being naturally, despite of her large size and her excess of dimples, as sentimental as the thinnest old maid, she could bring to match her, was always on the look-out for romantical mysteries in real life. She was really happy in having, at last, one laid at her very door—brought there, as she herself felt certain, by a "circumstantial Providence."

"Wild horses shall never tear it from me," she assured the girl, who, again pale and trembling, had sunk back on her pillow, after the conclusion of the brief account of herself; and the good woman, stooping to kiss the white cheek, saw, in her mind's eye, herself converted into an immense barge, laden with this weighty and important secret, which the wild horses of the tow-path in vain endeavored to drag from her.

"If Senor Martinique was to come, himself, with his hands chock full of Brazilian diamonds, I couldn't be tempted to open my mouth—neither could Zekiel. Laws, no! don't think we could lend ourselves to such a downright conspiracy. We'll keep your secret, an' do all we kin to help you. But, la, now, my dear, what on earth be you going to do?"

Margaret did not know—she had not had time to think. Mrs. Griggs interrupted her to tell her to take plenty of time—the Sally Ann was her home till she could provide herself with a better. Then she advised her to "turn up," and take back her uncle's property from her cousin, who had no right to it; but this, to Margaret, was the most impossible of things. She would rather resign all, earning her own living, henceforth, than to allow her cousin to know of her existence, since his first step would be to recall Mr. Martinique.

Ignorant that she might appeal to the law for protection from a husband whose right to her was consummated through fraud, her little friends were equally ignorant that she might safely take steps for her own release—and into such a fever, almost spasm of terror, did the mere thought of encountering either of these two men again throw her, that they dared not advise her to openly brave the consequences. Her only idea was to hide her existence from these two; and her friend's only idea, by force of sympathy, became the same.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### OUT OF THE WORLD, YET IN IT.

As she rapidly recovered, life, in that close and crowded little cabin, became a wearisome thing to Margaret. Often she regretted that she had been so cowardly as to flee from death when it waited, so close at hand, to release her. It was easier to sleep under those sheets of ice, in that moaning and tossing bed, than to face the new experience which awaited her.

No human beings could be kinder than the master of the Sally Ann and his buxom mate; the little boy was fascinated with the young lady and her charming stories; even the baby cried to go to her; they shared with her their fire and food—but it can be imagined that her surroundings, to a delicately-bred girl, would be almost intolerable. Still worse, she was partaking of their hospitality, without the means of rewarding them; for when Margaret hastily changed her dress, on that Sabbath evening, to go to the church with Branthope, she had left her purse in the pocket of her traveling cloak. She had her watch—which, being securely fastened in her belt, had remained safe during her struggles in the water—a plain gold brooch, and one or two inexpensive rings, besides her wedding-ring. That, much as she loathed the sight of it, she was resolved to keep. Since it might be possible that, some day, that man would have her in his power, she was resolved to preserve the proofs of their legal marriage. She knew there was a record in the church where they were married; she had, also, the certificate which he had thrust into her hand, and which, mechanically, she had placed in her pocket before alighting from the carriage. Mrs. Sally had found it and dried it, and pressed it carefully between the leaves of the Bible, where it still lay, discolored, but legible.

Margaret might have spared the watch, and would have done so willingly, notwithstanding that it was a gift from Uncle Peter, and now her only keepsake from him; but her dread of discovery made her afraid to have it offered for sale. It was marked with her monogram, and might, very possibly, lead to inquiries and detection. Her rings and pin Mrs. Griggs sold for her, and bought, with the money, materials for embroidery, and as soon as she was able to sit up, the forlorn, but resolute girl, in this

curious prison in which she voluntarily immured herself, began to do exquisite needle-work, which her hostess disposed of at the fancy-stores. The sum she was enabled to earn by constant application was very small, but it enabled her to pay for board all that it was really worth, and to buy herself a pair of shoes, and a plain delaine dress.

Mrs. Sally was not at all expert with the needle, and it was a great comfort to her to have this "romantical" young lady finish up the set of summer shirts she had begun for Zekiel, and make the baby's frocks so prettily, while she devoted herself to the unlimited perusal of all the "mysteries" she could lay her hands upon.

It was a weary, dreary life to Margaret—relieved only by the absolute good-humor and even affection of her humble friends; she knew little to have her there; indeed, Mrs. Sally declared it was like a constant play at the Bowers to have her before their very eyes, and that she was paying for her accommodations; but it could not be denied that she still further crowded the tiny cabin, whose chief characteristic was that of being crowded, and which continually ran over at the door, and seemed about to bulge out at the sides, like a picnic basket that is bursting its lid with over-packing.

"Zekiel always declared there was room to spare, an innocent fiction on his part, forgiveable, under the circumstances; while, as for Mrs. Sally, she often dropped her book in the midst of its most thrilling passages, to gaze upon the young, noble, and beautiful face bent over that delicate embroidery, which was there, ever, like a picture before her, transforming the dingy cabin of the laid-up canal-boat into a *salon* of splendor and magnificence to her admiring eyes.

Poor Margaret! her only relief was sometimes to stand at the little windows, overlooking the near line of "baby's duds," which were in a chronic state of rotteness and dampness, ever the first thing to meet her view on the deck outside—to look beyond these, and the silent vessels moored about, a little ways up the river, to the wooded heights on the opposite side, which looked a little like home, and to watch the masses of broken ice come sailing down on their adventurous voyage to the ocean.

But whenever she thought about going out into the world again, she shrank and shivered. She was foolishly and needlessly afraid; but the sudden shock and terror of that first dreadful night had unstrung her nerves, and made her constantly on the look-out for surprises and snares. Like a person who has, in a moment of peaceful enjoyment, seen the earth open about him, or had his house fall upon him, she could never again feel perfectly safe.

However, she could not always remain absolutely a prisoner. As she recovered her full strength, she grew also in courage, coming, after a few weeks, to slip out in the afternoon, in her plain dress, with a veil over her face, to carry her work to the stores. The walk was necessary to her health, and she enjoyed it keenly.

The only person she had to avoid was her cousin—excepting chance meeting with her country acquaintances—since Mr. Martinique, she knew, had sailed for a far country. That he might return before many months, was a question of the future; at present he was away, and she felt less desperately beset; but, from her experience of her cousin's kindness, she felt that for him to become aware of her existence, was to have the senior informed of it. To give up his possession of her estate would not be possible to one of his selfish character; she had reason to dread the steps he might take to prevent such a consequence, should he learn of her being alive.

The dislike which Margaret felt for Mr. Martinique must have been heartfelt, instinctive, strong as life itself, to have upheld her in her present resolution. Daily, and uncomplainingly, like the poorest seamstress, she toiled, and meekly took the miserable rewards of her taste and skill, to pay for a seat at the table in the cabin of the Sally Ann, while Branthope Villa—all her own—stood desolate and empty, sadly shrouding the costly pictures, the luxurious furniture, the silver table-service, the rich wardrobe, in the midst of which she should have reigned, lovely and happy. Not only that, but vast estates, smiling under tropic skies, awaited her coming as their mistress, and mines and warehouses there were in which she had her right of dower as the wife of their owner; but she preferred, to all these, soul-freedom, and the little cabin which assured it to her.

Once, some time in February, as Margaret came out of a fancy-store in Canal street, it being almost twilight, and her veil as usual drawn over her face, she met her cousin Branthope. He passed her by, without a glance at the modest sewing-girl, jauntily and airily, and handsomely dressed, with an increased air of fashion and wealth about him, and only the narrow band of crabs on his hat to hint of tragedies so recently enacted. She did not know, until she reached the shelter of the Sally Ann, toward which he almost flew, how much the sight of that man, whom she had once so fondly loved, had shaken her. Once safe within the cabin, she sunk upon a chair with trembling limbs, buried her pale face in her hands, and sat there more than an hour, without moving or speaking, except to say, at first, in answer to Mrs. Sally's anxious inquiries:

"I met my cousin; but he did not recognize me."


To see that handsome, audacious, selfish face, was to be transported back into the past. Her life at Branthope Villa, where she had loved, worshipped, with a young girl's idolatry, her unworthy cousin, returned upon her with its sweetness, freshness, and safety; so did that Sabbath evening when she, trembling and fearing, and yet unexpectably happy, had gone with this persuasive lover to the solemn altar, and had promised there to be his wife with a willing joy, of which he had made such a terrible mockery. As she thought of it now, and recalled how careless and haughty and self-assured he had been, this evening, as he passed her by, all that had been sweet in her nature grew bitter—that which had been love, the fondest and most yielding, turned into hate, the stormiest and most implacable. She did more now than despise Branthope—she hated him!—hated the sight of his gayety and his good fortune, and jaunty vanity. Never, after that, for one moment, did any return of her old affection for him soften the hardness of her heart toward him. She had loved him, as not one woman in ten thousand is capable of loving; and she hated him with an equal power.

Hers was not an ordinary character. It was no tame voice and purposeless glances which she said, when, after an hour's silence, she raised her head from her hands, and turned, rising to her feet and lifting her hand:

"I hate my cousin, Mrs. Griggs."

"Good Lord, my dear," responded Mrs. Sally, "now I never did see the best of that! If you was a rigler Lady Macbeth, you couldn't







## FISHING.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Of all the myriad moods of mind  
Which through the heart go swishing,  
There's none so lazy-like, or kind,  
Or full of dreams as fishing.  
The fish we long for that we see  
For one transcendent moment—  
The nibble proves our hope to be  
Despairingly ill-founded.

We sit at one end of the pole  
With eye fixed on the other;  
The past no longer frets the soul,  
The future does not bother.  
We sit like Patience on a stone,  
Coat-tail in water pending,  
And as our painted cork goes down  
Our hopes are in ascendant.

Our world lies in the water dim,  
The sphere of all our wishes;  
Around our baited limerick swim  
Oh, what impossible fishes!  
All ready, just to turn and bite,  
Why do they not begin it?  
We'll have a seven-pounder tight  
In just another minute!

In "just another minute" lies  
The charm of all our fishing,  
For what is it, tell me, ye wise,  
But waiting and but wishing?  
This is a telegraph, in fine,  
In spite of all our quibbles:  
How flash along that thrilling line  
The veriest jerks and nibbles!

And as the line goes running out,  
If not asleep, we brighten,  
And take the hook with no doubt  
And dream it is no light one.  
Of all the mystic moods of mind  
Which do develop fishing,  
There's none so doubtful or so blind  
As on a log-a-fishing.

## Adrift on the Prairie:

OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,"  
"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.VI.—ON SWAN LAKE—JIM'S SUCCESS AND  
LOSS.

FROM our feet the plain seemed to slope gradually away beyond the power of vision, broken into undulations like ocean billows. Behind us lay the glimmering waters of Wall Lake sparkling and radiant as a bed of molten silver. Before us on the bosom of the plain reposed the little sheet known as Swan Lake. A range of low bluffs stood guard along its shores, mirroring their rugged brows in its depths night and morn when the shadows were longest. A belt of yellow reeds, resembling a border of bronze, fringed the margin of the water.

The surface of this lake was dotted and checkered with life—with living, moving creatures of different kinds and colors. Geese, ducks, brants, swans and pelicans sported on the crystal waves and ruffled their plumage in the golden sun along the shore.

It was a sight sufficient to satisfy the most extravagant desire. We feasted our eyes upon it. The lake was but a mile distant. We became inspired with renewed feelings of joy, for we believed we had at last discovered the hunter's paradise of the North-west.

Other objects were soon brought to our view. Away off to the north-east was a body of timber, and on its margin stood a dozen or more small, conical structures, from the apex of which wreaths of white smoke were curling. We knew at a glance what they were—the wigwags of the Musquakie Indians spoken of by Uncle Lige. The tribe, or a portion of it, had come down from their reservation in an adjoining county to spend the season hunting, fishing and begging. We had nothing to fear of them unless it was loss by theft, for they were scientific thieves.

We could see, from our position on the hill, several warriors stalking about in flaming red blankets, smoking their morning pipes; while the squaws engaged in their usual drudgery about camp.

Far away to our right we could see a dark line running across the plain black and ominous.

"That," said old Lige, pointing it out, "is Purgatory Slough. The grass in it's black as a Dutch nigger. Hell's beyond it a mile or two. But, if we get into the deer-range, we'll head the swamps and tharby git through dry-shod. Come, gee up thar, Buck and Bright—g'lang!" and the team moved on.

We crossed the plain to the lake, where we unloaded the canoe and pushed on a mile or two further to reach a good camping-ground. This we found on the edge of the timber about half a mile from the Indian encampment.

Our presence soon became known to the noble red-men, and a deputation of about a dozen awaited on us in our new camp.

They were a remarkable band of gentlemen. All were of the same dirty, copper color, with low, retreating foreheads, broad, sensual faces and black, ferret-like eyes. Either a red or blue blanket covered the broad, square shoulders of each. Their hair was long, black and unkempt. Their heads were surmounted with some relics of civilization, either an old cap or brimless hat doing duty thereon. One low, heavy-set fellow sported a silk "plug" some what the worse of long usage. Being a little too large it pitched gracefully back and set jauntily upon his ears, giving him an expression both comical and ludicrous. He appeared to be a kind of dandy, for he sported a heelless boot and an ancient cloth gaiter, in addition to a pair of pants and a woolen shirt.

Uncle Lige entered into conversation with them in their own vernacular, but when he found they could speak English fluently the conversation was carried on in that tongue for our benefit. After conversing with them on various subjects, he asked:

"What you Ingins doin' down here, anyway?"

"Hunt some—trap some—fish some—git fire-water—have heap gobs of fun like white brudder."

"Goin' to hunt any to-day?"

"Hunt some, mebbey. Some braves go up to pale-face town to git fire-water—then have big, good time—hoop-la-loo!" and the Indian executed a demi-vault that completely astonished us.

"He means 'miraculous' when he says 'fire-water,'" said Jim, aside to George.

"I presume so," replied the latter, "and if they find out you have some in the wagon, you'll be apt to find out how the water tastes up in this country, for they'll have your 'miraculous'."

After lounging round camp an hour or more the Indians returned to their own lodges; and, leaving Uncle Lige to guard our camp, we took our guns and set out for the lake. Reaching our canoe we dragged it through the grass and reeds to the water's edge, and, launching it, embarked for the interior of the broad belt of reeds that fringed the margin of the water. We were unable to get through the dense dry reeds without creating considerable noise, which alarmed the game, and soon the air above us

was filled with screaming fowls—darting and whirling, soaring and circling in every direction.

When we had got through the reeds into the open lake we discovered that our canoe had sprung a leak, and was fast filling, with two fathoms of water beneath us. Being provided with rubber boots we were enabled to keep our feet dry for the time being. George and I set to work bailing out the boat with our hands. We worked diligently but gained but little on the water, which fact disheartened George and rendered him uneasy and fretful.

"Boys," he finally remarked, wringing the water from his hands, "this is too confounded thin for me; take me ashore and I'll remain there."

We saw that George was in solemn earnest, and so we headed the boat back toward shore and landed him. We then drew the boat out onto dry land, emptied it and caulked the leak, when we again put out into the lake, George firing a parting salute—at a black-bird—as we pushed away, leaving him alone upon shore.

"Glad to get rid of him," said Jim, "for it would just have been his blundering luck to have brought down a swan at first shot. I'll take the lead now, for George being the only one possessed of luck, leaves the field clear to old science, and that's me."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when bang went Bob's gun, and a duck came plunging down so close to the prow of the boat where Jim sat, that a shower of water was dashed up in his face.

"How is that for luck, Old Science?" I asked.

"Ugh—thunder!" Jim exclaimed, mopping the water out of his face with his sleeve, "anybody could do that; but I won't shoot at anything less than a goose, pelican or swan. Them's my picking, boys, and whenever you hear old Stub-and-Twist sneeze out epizootically, score at least ten for me—Old Science."

We reached the open water, and pushed across its silent bosom about sixty rods, when we came to a little clump of tall reeds in which we concealed ourselves. From this point, which was rather a central location, we had an extended view in all directions, and at once opened a deadly fire upon the birds gliding around us; at least, Bob and I did, for nothing but ducks had yet ventured within gunshot. The latter came so near us, at times, that we could distinguish their wild, keen eyes, hear the winnow of their wings, and see the green and gold upon them. There was nothing in the innocent fowls' presence, however, to appeal to our better natures—to cause us to desert from the sport of killing them. We felt that it was one of the privileges bestowed upon us by a benign Providence, and we lost no time in moralizing over the fact.

Jim doggedly reserved his charges for large game, in the very face of our splendid success, that was piling up score after score against him. Suddenly, however, silence was imposed upon us by our big companion, who had discovered a number of white swans coming directly toward us. They were flying very slowly, and there was nothing to prevent a successful shot, should they not be alarmed and turn aside before they came to us.

We gave way to Jim, since he had waited so patiently for a shot, and as the huge birds came nearer, the click of his gunlocks was heard; then the muzzle of his weapon was thrust upward through the reeds; his face dropped against the breech, and his eye glanced along the barrel. These movements were instantly followed by a thunderous crash that caused our canoe to rock on the waves.

Away across the plain rolled the prolonged boom of the gun—to and fro its echoes rebounded from shore to shore.

We lifted our eyes upward as the stunning report crashed out, and saw a bird thrust its head upward with a frightful scream. It flapped its great, white wings rapidly, as if struggling hard to keep upon its flight. But a scarlet stream trickled across its snowy breast, it reeled upon the air, then shot suddenly downward like an arrow, falling in a narrow belt of reeds about fifty paces from us.

"There!" exclaimed Jim, with an imposing air of triumph, as he coolly proceeded to load his gun, "who scores the big points now? Luck or Science? You fellows have been boasting of your success all day, and yet you have done nothing but pop down a few little ducks. And now I have a swan—a pure, snow-white swan, and an almighty big fellow he is, too. There's some finance in such game as that, boys. You know swan's down is the most valuable commodity of the kind found in America, and that skin lying right out yonder will bring me at least twenty dollars. Look through here, boys, and get your eyes accustomed to the dazzling sight by degrees. Do you not perceive it, Robert? Do you not behold it, Oliver? Who says it don't pay to hold your fire for big game? Miraculous! I'll show you how to score fine points from this on. I want it understood that when 'Stub-and-Twist' speaks, it will be on the money question—the inflation of currency in her owner's pockets. Now, Bob, steer the boat directly toward that snow-bank out yonder, and I'll put something in this concern that'll make your eyes water."

Bob, who was at the stern, paddled out of the stalks and across toward the strips of reeds in which the swan lay. A few vigorous strokes carried the boat alongside the reeds, within arm's reach of the great, white bird.

"Boys, look! behold! perceive it!" exclaimed Jim, beside himself with delight. "Just think what a prize is mine—fully six feet from tip to tip of wing, is that bird, and oh, such a coat of down it will yield! It'd be big enough and grand enough to make a cloak for a princess, and now, if you'll balance the boat, I'll reach out and haul in the prize."

He leaned over the side of the boat, and just as he was reaching out for the prize, he saw a dusky hand thrust into the reeds from the opposite side and seize the bird. The next instant his prize had vanished as if by magic.

The look that mounted to Jim's face, and the single word that accompanied it, chilled us to the marrow. He seized, a paddle, and with a stroke that almost snapped the blade, sent the boat crashing through the reeds; and as we emerged into the open water beyond, we saw a Musquakie Indian, with Jim's bird, in a light canoe, just disappearing around a distant clump of reeds, a deep trail in the water marking the course of his swift-gliding boat.

He came home very late one night, and after fumbling with his latch key a good while, muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door, "I mushmankey noish caush tholoman's asleep." He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was congratulating himself on his success as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice sent a chill down his spinal column: "Why, my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat, are you?"

## Geraldine's Husband.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE frosty sunshine of a mid-January day came in between the purple velvet curtains of the grand salon in Mrs. Blythe Bellingham's Fifth avenue mansion, and made a warmly golden halo around little Geraldine Vane's head, that was drooped so lowly over her book that Mrs. Bellingham could not note the effect of her ardent, congratulating words.

"You're a perfect little darling, Geraldine! I do declare, I never would have given you credit for such skill. Only think, child, you haven't been two months from the country, on your visit here, and already had an offer from Mr. Victor Halsey! Why, Gerry, I'm as proud as if you were my daughter instead of my niece!"

The little fair hands were nervously writhing around a cluster of moss-roses Geraldine had cut in the greenhouse—dainty pink roses, the very hue of the girl's sweet cheeks, that were such exquisite contrast to the dusky eyes and wavy, sunny-brown hair; and Mrs. Bellingham looked down at the lissom, willowy figure and smiled and nodded her head astutely.

"I might have known how it would be—youth and freshness and wildness shyness are sure to win the day, and Mr. Victor Halsey is just the man to appreciate such sweetness. Geraldine, I am really charmed with you. Your uncle and I will give you your wedding, and won't Laura Desmond expire with envy when the engagement comes out! Why, my dear, she has fished for Mr. Halsey in the most disgusting manner, and—"

The drooping, girlish head suddenly lifted itself, and the grave, tender eyes looked timidly, pleadingly at the lady's earnest, animated face.

"Oh, aunt Helen—don't talk any more about it; please don't! You are altogether mistaken—I only said Mr. Halsey had asked me to marry him, but I did not say I had accepted him!"

Mrs. Bellingham shook her head approvingly. "Of course you did not say you had accepted Mr. Halsey, child, and I admire your modest reticence. Of course you did not say so, but I know you did, as no girl in the possession of her senses would do otherwise. A couple of hundred thousand dollars, and a life of regal luxury and pleasure don't come more than once in a lifetime. Geraldine, I declare I think you are really to be envied!"

The moss-rose pink deepened almost to crimson on the girl's cheeks; then, a little gleam of defiance crept into her dark eyes, and one saw then that Geraldine Vane was perfectly capable of holding her own.

"But, aunt Helen, you are entirely mistaken. I did refuse Mr. Halsey."

A gleam like liquid fire was in Mrs. Bellingham's fine eyes.

"Geraldine! refused him—refused Mr. Victor Halsey! And why, may I ask?"

"Because I do not love him; because I love Harry Custer."

She looked up, bravely, not boldly, with a little challenging light in her eyes.

Mrs. Bellingham gasped the name in a horrified echo.

"Harry Custer! Harry Custer—Mr. Halsey's unacknowledged nephew! Harry Custer, with not a means of support in the world beyond his pittance as bookkeeper! What do you mean by such nonsense—such insanity?"

"You wouldn't have me marry a man I care nothing about, would you, aunt Helen? Surely you wouldn't have me marry one man and be all the while loving another!"

Mrs. Bellingham bridled.

"The idea of you talking on such a subject! As if a child of your age knows who, or what, they like. I shall write at once to your poor mother, Geraldine, and inform her fully of your willfulness, and tell her to expect you home within a week."

Geraldine's color flamed, then ebbed.

"Very well; if you choose to turn me out of your house because I refused a rich man, old enough to be my father, I will be glad to go. Mamma never will be cruel enough to blame me, or papa either."

But when, forty-eight hours later, there came a thick letter from home, with two stamps on the envelope, and directed in papa's finest hand-writing, Geraldine knew there had been an upsurge home, by the way the down strokes were mercilessly shaded—when that twelve-page letter came, that was imprecations and reproaches, and sharp scoldings and threatenings, and appeals and wrathful fault-findings, brave little Geraldine felt that she must have done a very terrible thing indeed.

"But, I'll stand firm and true to Harry, come what may, unless—unless mamma positively forbids my marrying him. If they only knew him, they never would blame me for loving him so—and to think mamma always made such a point of her marrying papa for nothing but love!"

Which was perfectly true; only, since that happy day,—nearly twenty years ago—there had come a large family and great cares, and not the least financial luck in the world, to Mr. and Mrs. Vane. And, of late years, the supreme ambition of Mrs. Vane's life had been to marry her two daughters to rich men; so that it was little wonder then when Mrs. Bellingham had announced the ignominious failure of the visit she had invited Geraldine to make, and to secure which invitation Mrs. Vane had angled for months, and to pay which visit had been to deprive the rest of the family of many things in order that Geraldine might go in reasonable style, it was little wonder that the Vane's lamented, and were indignant, and sent a furious letter to the stupid, ungrateful girl, forbidding her return home until she came prepared to obey her aunt's advice.

Mrs. Bellingham smiled with cold satisfaction as Geraldine poured forth her own indignation.

"You will see at length that no one can tolerate such reckless foolishness as you are guilty of, Geraldine—not even your own mother. Shall it be as she begs, as your father requests, as I insist, if you wish to remain in my house? Come, Geraldine, be sensible, and have done with this young Custer. Consent to accept Mr. Halsey, and I will give you the handsomest suite of rubies in the city; while as Harry Custer's betrothed you can not remain in my house. You have your choice."

Geraldine was very quiet and repressed as she folded away the voluminous letter.

"I do not see what choice I have, Aunt Helen. You have ordered me from your house"—her voice quivered a little—"and my parents forbid my coming home"—this with a sobbing gasp. "Please tell me what remains for me to do but to go out of doors?"

She was so dignified, and determined about it, that Mrs. Bellingham's temper rose in proportion.

"You are a brazen, forward girl, and your willfulness will be your ruin. I wash my hands of you!"

And, although she did not really mean the threats she had made, in the fullness of her disappointment, nevertheless Geraldine took her at her word, and that self-same evening, as she and her lover were walking along the avenue, she took him into her confidence.

"I don't see whatever in the world I shall do about it, Harry," she said, in the sweet, unconscious way she had that had been such a charm in his eyes.

He pressed her dainty little arm against him lovingly, and looked down in her face, with such tender, reverent pride in his eyes—those dark, splendid eyes of his that had helped win the day against many.

"Can you not suggest a way to cut the Gordian knot, my little darling, or must I do all the thinking?"

"If I know of any way—" she began, honestly, innocently.

He laughed, joyously.

"What a child you are—and I am so glad! Did it not occur to you that you had agreed to be my little wife, to take me for better, for worse? Geraldine, I will be no better able to make you comfortable and happy in five years than I am now. Shall we be married, and have our own dear home, darling? Will you say 'yes,' Geraldine?"

And when Geraldine went home an hour later, in the pocket of her dress was her marriage certificate, and she knew she had taken on her the sweetest sacred vows that life holds.

She was just a little nervous and agitated as she went into Mrs. Bellingham's library to acquaint that lady with the news she ought to know, and to tell her that on the morrow she would go to her husband's home.

The warm, lovely color was glowing, like carnation blooms, on her cheeks, as Geraldine pushed ajar the library door; the next instant, she was whiter than freshly fallen snow—the rich blood driven back to her heart by the words she had heard spoken, first, in Mrs. Bellingham's wonder-stricken tones; afterward, in a strange voice, a man's hard, unsympathetic voice.

"Killed! Mr. Victor Halsey thrown out of his coupe and killed, since dinner?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bellingham, Mr. Halsey was thrown from his carriage, as I said, not an hour ago, and instantly killed. And he had destroyed his will only this morning."

Geraldine heard Mrs. Bellingham fairly gasp.

"Destroyed his will! Then his nephew is heir to all that immense wealth—Harry Custer owns it all!"

Then Geraldine went in, white, calm, with confining emotions of pity and horror and astonishment and ecstasy at her heart, and laid her marriage certificate on the library table, and watched Mrs. Bellingham read it.

"My niece, Mrs. Custer," is prime favorite with Aunt Helen nowadays; and it is perfectly astonishing how the Vane family became reconciled to Geraldine's match, and with what unblushing audacity they affirm the respect they always had in dear "Gerry's judgment;" while Geraldine herself and her loving husband accept the wealth so providentially bestowed upon them, and are content, as they would have been with only each other.

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Then Geraldine went in, white, calm, with confining emotions of pity and horror and astonishment and ecstasy at her heart, and laid her marriage certificate on the library table, and watched Mrs. Bellingham read it.

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richly to be introduced to women. And she felt more frightened than ever now, for she was there.

A very pretty little child was playing in the room. It looked up, saw him, smiled delightedly, and toddling over to him, grabbed him round his shaking knees, and lisped, "Papa! Papa!"

"Oh, Lord!" Mr. Brown couldn't have kept back the frightened exclamation for the world. His face broke out in profuse perspiration, and the ladies began to titter at the child's performance, which, of course made the poor man feel extremely uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Hooper, my brother," said William, presenting him to the first lady they came to. Whereupon he seized her by the hand and gave it a most vigorous shaking, being the only thing he could think of doing. Mrs. Hooper evidently thought he meant to be a very friendly man.

"This is Mrs. Drake," said William, as he succeeded in getting his brother away from Mrs. Hooper.

Joseph attempted to bow, trod on the baby's toes, and came near fainting with fright when the cherub set up a doleful wail.

"And this is Mrs. Parks," finished his brother, indicating the woman who came to the baby's rescue.